DECEMBER

1875

ARTHUR'S

LLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



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## Ladies' and Children's Garments.

745 747

749



LADIES' COSTUME.

(For Description see next page.)

#### LADIES' COSTUME.

with all of its fullness at the back, where it is laid in a large triple-box-plait. It is composed of a wide front gore, a similar gore at each side, and two plain back-breadths forming a short train and having a ribbon bow tacked over the seam at the center as illustrated The skirt was cut from silk, by pattern No. 3966, price 35 cents, which is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. The over-skirt has a long square front gore, to which is joined the shirred front edges of the wide gores. shirred together at the back edges and shirred again midway between the seams for the drapery. It is prettily trimmed as illustrated with ribbon bows, and 14% yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required; plaitings of the material, which is camel's-hair The pattern used in cutting it is No. 4035. price 30 basque, and 54 yards for the over-skirt.

The skirt to this pretty toilet hangs gracefully, I cents, and is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches. waist measure.

> The basque, which has sleeves and decorations of silk, fits the figure very prettily by the customary seams, and closes at the back with hooks and loops. The sleeves are widened and left open at the outside seam over the wrist, while a folded cuff of the camel's-hair stands above the opening. The pattern to the basque is No. 4005, price 30 cents. It is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; and may be used for any material made up into dresses.

To make the costume for a lady of medium size, 64 yards being necessary for the skirt, 24 for the



Front View.



4194 Back View.

#### LADIES' LOOSE CLOAK, WITH DOLMAN SLEEVES.

tions of Titan braid and silk embroidery, as well as yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. their arrangement, are faithfully delineated. The

No. 4194.—This charming garment may be made | pattern to the cloak is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 of any cloaking material, beaver cloth perhaps being to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 35 cents. To the most suitable. In the engravings the decora- make the garment for a lady of medium size, 6%



Back View

Front View.

#### LADIES' PROMENADE BASQUE.

No. 4199.—The stylish basque represented by it for a lady of medium size, 5 yards of material, 27 these engravings is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 30 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make a basque like cents.



4176 Front View.



Back View.

#### LADIES' MANTLE WRAP.

like the "Arab wraps" worn some seasons ago, 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust meaconsisting of a long breadth so doubled and seamed sure, and requires 34 yards of goods, thirty-six at the center as to form the hood illustrated. Cash- inches wide, to make the wrap for a lady of medium mere is used in this instance, though silk or any size. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

No. 4176.—This elegant mantle is very nearly suit fabric is equally appropriate. The pattern is in



4204 Front View.

#### LADIES' DOUBLE-BREASTED STREET SACK.

No. 4204.—This comfortable garment may be made of cloth, velvet, plush, cashmere, drap d'été or any suitable goods; and the pattern to it is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, 34 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. Titan braid, fur bands, fringe, folds or embroideries are appropriate decorations, and may be applied in any style preferred. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



4204 Back View.



Front View.



Back View



4197



Back View.

## CHILD'S DRESS, WITH YOKE, AND KILTED FRONT.

No. 4208.—This pretty little dress is made of cashmere and trimmed with the same and Hamburg embroidery. The pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age, and requires 34 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, in making the dress for a child of 4 years. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

#### MISSES' GORED JACKET.

No. 4197.—This stylish wrap can be made from 4 yards of material, 27 inches wide, for a miss of 12 years. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents. In the present instance the garment is made of cloth and trimmed with braid.



4215
Front View.

#### BOYS' HUSSAR JACKET.

No. 4215.—The pattern to this handsome jacket is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make a garment after it for a boy of 7 years, 1½ yard of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required.



4215 Back View.

will send any kind or size of them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price and order.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 1129 Chestnut St., Phila.





AN ENGLISH COUNTESS .- Page 749.

## ARTHUR'S

# ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLIII.

DECEMBER, 1875.

No. 12.

Bistory, Biography und General Titeraturg.



#### UP THE HUDSON.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

O be gliding up the Hudson on one of the magnificent day boats which ply between New York and Albany, seems to afford about as much unalloyed pleasure as can be crowded into one day's existence. Americans VOL. XLIII.-40.

Britain," published a few years since, says of this river: "Those who say that America has no scenery, forget the Hudson, while they can never have explored Lake George, Lake Champlain and the Mohawk. That Poole's exquisite scene from the 'Decameron,' 'Philomena's Song,' could have been realized on earth, I never dreamed, until I saw the singers at a New Yorker's villa on the may well be proud of this noble river. Even Hudson grouped in the deep shades of a glen, foreigners do not hesitate to bestow upon it due from which there was an outlook upon the basaltic praise. Charles Wentworth Dilke, in his "Greater Palisades and lake-like Tappan Zee. It was in

brightest of his brilliant letters-that dated 'Sing Sing'-for he speaks of himself as lying on a hill that overhung the Hudson, watching the white sails gleaming in the hot sun, and trying in vain to fancy what became of the river where it disappeared in the blue 'Highlands.'"



AUDUBON'S RESIDENCE.

We steam out of the dock, and up the river, past the almost numberless wharves, crowded with shipping from all parts of the world. We come in sight of various points of interest, all of which are dutifully pointed out in the guide-books. Not far from our starting point we see on the Jersey side the Heights of Hoboken, made historically famous as the spot where was fought the duel between Hamilton and Burr. We try to be impressed, but somehow it occurs to us that this is the identical place where resided the "girl with the gingham umberella," famous in modern song, and the seriousness of the historical occurrence is lost to us in the grotesqueness of the remembrance.

The western banks of the Hudson rise for the most part abruptly from the water's edge. On the eastern sides are grassy and wooded stopes, crowned with magnificent country residences of New York merchant princes, and literary men whose fame belongs to the whole country.

A few miles above New York, the traveller reaches the sites of Fort Lee, on the western bank, and of Fort Washington, on the eastern bank of the river. Nothing now remains of Fort Lee but the spot where it once stood. These two forts played an important part in the Revolutionary War.

wall of basaltic formation, bordering the Hudson | Convent and Academy of Mount St. Vincent, and

some such spot that De Tocqueville wrote the on the west for many miles above New York, and varying in height from two hundred to five hundred feet.

> A little below Washington Heights we pass a pretty village, nestling on the eastern bank of the river, and nearly embowered with trees. Here the traveller may plainly see a handsome residence.

> > with lawn sloping down to the river's edge, which was once the home of Audubon, the natu-

Passing swiftly by fine country residences, which are palatial in their grandeur, presently the mouth of a little creek is reached: and this constitutes the northern boundary of the Island of Manhattan. This is called Spuyten Duyvel Creek, and for this name Irving accounts, in Diedrich Knickerbocker's "History of New York." Anthony Van Corlear, the trumpeter of Governor Stuyvesant, attempted to swim the creek during a violent storm. The chronicler says: "The wind was high, the elements in an uproar, and no Charon could be found to ferry the adventurous sounder of brass across the water. For a short time he vapored like an intelligent ghost upon the brink, and then, bethinking himself of the urgency of his errand (to arouse the people to arms), he took a hearty embrace of his stone bottle;

swore most valorously that he would swim across in spite of the devil (en spyt der duyvel), and daringly plunged into the stream. Luckless Anthony! Scarcely had he buffeted half-way over, when he was observed to struggle violently, as if battling with the spirit of the waters. Instinctively he put his trumpet to his mouth, and, giving a vehement blast, sank forever to the bottom! The clangor of his trumpet rang far and wide through the country, alarming the neighbors round, who hurried in amazement to the spot. Here an old Dutch burgher, famed for his veracity, who had been a witness to the fact, related to them the melancholy affair, with the fearful addition (to which I am slow in giving belief,) that he saw the duyvel, in the shape of a huge moss-bunker, seize the sturdy Anthony by the leg, and drag him beneath the waves. Certain it is, the place has been called Spuyten Duyvel ever since.'

Not far above the mouth of Spuyten Duyvel Creek, and on the same side of the river, is Font Hill, a castle of gray stone, built by Edwin Forrest. It is picturesque in appearance, and, when it had the green slope of the hill behind it, must have been beautiful. But the place has been bought by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, and a huge and ugly edifice of red brick built immediately behind it, out of all harmony with either At Fort Lee begin the Palisades, a precipitous landscape or castle. This red-brick pile is the the castle is now used for the purposes of the school and convent.

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Nearly opposite Font Hill rises "Indian Head," the highest point of the Palisades, five hundred and fifty feet above the river. As we round the point a little above "Indian Head," the river broadens into the Tappan Zee. The Palisades here lose their wall-like character, and break away into little headlands. Around the point, in a most romantic situation, is located the town of Piermont, where the pier of the Erie Railroad juts out into the river for the distance of nearly a mile.

The location of Piermont is not, however, any more beautiful than that of Tarrytown, which lies nearly opposite on the eastern bank of the Tappan Zee. The engraving gives a view from the heights above the town. On the left, in the distance, are seen the Palisades, the highest point being "Indian Head," already shown in another engraving. On the right is Piermont with its pier.

Before we quite reach Tarrytown we see the

Washington Irving, who had here his residence. "Sunnyside," the home of Irving, is somewhere here, embowered in trees, which so completely hide it that the tourist can only locate it in his fancy. This house is the identical "Wolfert's Roost," made famous by Irving before he ever thought to become its possessor.

Above Tarrytown is the old post road where Major Andre was captured, and we are told that an appropriate monument marks the spot, though this is not visible from the river. Tarrytown and its vicinity were the scene of unusually stirring events during the Revolution. Here, Irving tells us, were the two opposing marauders, the Skinners and the Cow-Boys-the former rebels, and the latter tories. Irving says: "In the zeal of service both were apt to make blunders, and confounded the property of friend and foe. Neither of them, in the heat and hurry of a foray, had time to ascertain the politics of a horse or cow which they were driving off into captivity, nor when they wrung the neck of a rooster did they trouble their heads whether he crowed for Congress or King George."

Tarrytown is interesting for more than this, A little above the village, and about half a mile from the Hudson, is the far-famed Sleepy

ton Irving is buried. The following is Irving's nificance. In the engraving, the view of the

beautiful description of this valley: "Not far from Tarrytown there is a little valley, or rather a lap of land among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity. If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley."

Nyack lies a short distance above Piermont on the western side of Tappan Zee. Here the Palisades break again into abrupt precipices; while further on rise the undulating outlines of Point-No-Point, as the Ramapo Mountains are called. The best view of these mountains is from above, when descending the river.

The traveller's attention is attracted by Sing pretty village of Irvington, so named in honor of Sing, which lies in a bend of the river on the



THE PALISADES-INDIAN HEAD,

Hollow, haunted of old by the headless horseman; eastern side. Although the town is a pleasant and here is still the brook over the rustic bridge one, the special object of interest is the State spanning which the same horseman pursued Prison, which lies along the margin of the river. Ichabod Crane, the luckless suitor of Katrina Van It is built of white marble, and is a large edifice, Tassel. The old Dutch church still stands in the or rather cluster of edifices; but when seen from valley, and in its peaceful church-yard Washing- the centre of Tappan Zee it dwindles into insigprison is given from the hills above the town, the Ramano Mountains are seen on the opposite side of the river, and Croton Point, at the mouth of Croton River, at the right of the picture,



DISTANT VIEW AT TARRYTOWN.

tends into the Hudson, on the north of the mouth the renowned pirate, and it is here that his ship of Croton River, and divides Tappan Zee from is supposed to have been scuttled, and immense

itself so broad that it makes a kind of bay, and is dotted with green islands, and broken by tongues of land. The view given in the engraving is from a point on the Croton, with the Hudson visible in the remote distance.

A little above Haverstraw village, which lies at the north of the Ramapo Mountains, is to be seen Treason Hill, where Andre met Arnold at the house of Joshua Hett Smith. The house still stands, and is plainly visible from the river. As we had no means of identifying the precise house, we concluded that one house would do as well as another, and so located the incident in the most prominent house we

Above Haverstraw is Stony Point, a sharp, stony bluff extending into the river. There is now a light-house upon its summit, but during the revolution

it was the site of a fort. General Wayne, or "Mad tain are called the Donderberg, where in early Anthony," as he was called, with a company of times resorted the imps and goblins which were

tured the British garrison entire. This was on July 15, 1779.

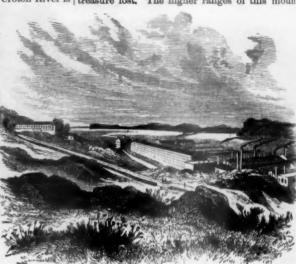
The river opposite Haverstraw is five miles wide-its widest point. The view above Stony

Point, looking downwards, is one of the finest upon the Hudson.

Rounding Verplanck's Point the town of Peekskill comes in sight. This town was named by one Jans Peek, a Dutch skipper. who, mistaking a tributary of the Hudson for the main river, here landed, and finally settled. In 1797, Peekskill was the head-quarters of Israel Putnam. Here is the farm and summer home of Henry Ward Beecher.

It is not strange that the old Dutch skipper should have made the mistake he did, for the Hudson looks here like a land-locked sea without an inlet. Suddenly the steamer rounds a promontory. and through a narrow channel we enter the Highlands. The point around which the Hudson takes this sudden bend is Kidd's Point. or, as it is now called, Caldwell's Landing. It is a bold promontory, its lower banks dotted here and there with a scant growth of evergreens, while the higher portions are densely clothed with the same trees. This Point is famous

Croton Point is a picturesque bluff, which ex- in history by its association with Captain Kidd. Haverstraw Bay. The mouth of Croton River is treasure lost. The higher ranges of this moun-



STATE PRISON AT SING SING.

picked men, scaled this cliff at midnight, and cap- the terror of the Dutch navigators of the river.

Irving gives a very precise description of a certain little Dutch goblin in trunk-hose and sugarloaf hat, who made this mountain his home, and who was especially dreaded by all who made the passage of the Highlands.

left of the ascending traveller, is a pretty island of about three hundred acres in extent, nestled quietly among the mountains which tower around it. It is called Iona, and is a favorite picnic ground for excursion parties from New York.

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Opposite stands the bold proection, fifteen hundred feet high, which is known as Anthony's Nose, Irving gives an humorous account of the manner in which it was named, Rounding Anthony's Nose, the traveller sees Sugar-loaf Mountain in the distance on the right. Objects of interest now begin to crowd upon us. Opposite the point of Anthony's Nose, Montgomery Creek empties into the Hudson. Fort Clinton was on one side of this creek, and Fort Montgomery on the other. Further on, Cozzen's Hotel stands boldly on the bluff, and announces to the traveller that

he is approaching West Point. Just before reaching the hotel, the attentive traveller may see a foamy cascade dashing down the side of the cliff, which from its whiteness has been called "Buttermilk Falls."

Soon the steamer makes her first landing at old Fort Putnam, on a point five hundred feet

ner, author of "The Wide, Wide World," Further on is Mount Taurus, one thousand five hundred and eighty-six feet high. On the southern slope of this hill is "Undercliff," the home of the late George P. Morris. Beyond Mount Taurus is seen A little beyond the Donderberg, and still on the Breakneck Hill, over eighteen hundred feet high.



KIDD'S POINT.

West Point will take much of the traveller's attention. It is the most commanding point on the Hudson. There are the Military Academy, the Parade Ground and Barracks, more or less visible from the river. Beyond are the ruins of

> above the river. A monument in memory of Kosciusko has been erected still farther up. comes the West Point Light-House, on a pretty cliff jutting out into the river.

> The engraving of West Point gives a view of the location looking down upon the town from a point above, with the Breakneck and other mountains we have mentioned in the distance. The view is one of the finest on the river. although the picture hardly does it

Beyond West Point comes another range of hills, of which the Old Cro' Nest is the first. This is a rocky, precipitous mountain, nearly fifteen hundred feet high. It is the scene of Rodman Drake's "Culprit Fay," and is referred to in that poem in the following manner:



WEST POINT, FROM THE CEMETERY.

West Point. There are few more beautiful views in America than that from this place, whether looking up or down the river. Opposite the Point is Constitution Island, where may be discovered glimpses of the cottage home of Miss War-

"'Tis the middle watch of a summer night
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright,
The moon looks down on Old Cro' Nest—
She mellows the shade on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below."

One or two hills intervene, and then comes Storm King, the highest mountain of the Highlands. Its present name was bestowed upon it by N. P. Willis, whose country home of "Idlewild" is situated upon its northern terrace.

The engraving gives a good view of the precipice of Storm King, which descends sheer to the water's edge; but the mountain itself rises far above the highest point seen in the picture.

At Newburg a lion came on board, and travelled appearing. Beautiful, grand, magnificent Cats-



FOOT OF THE STORM KING.

with us as far as Hudson, where he was to roar that evening. He kindly took a seat at a table near us in the dining-room of the boat, and we were enabled to eat, and survey him at our leisure. It was a pleasant incident of the day, and we hope we may be forgiven for staring, since the lions are intended to be stared at.

We pass towns and villages along the river bank "too numerous to mention;" all of them beautiful, and worthy of being remembered if not visited. We finally draw near Poughkeepsie, a thriving city upon the right bank of the river, and especially interesting to us as being the place where Vassar College is located. It is a place of twenty thousand inhabitants, and is called the Queen City of the Hudson. Its location is beautiful, and it contains many institutions of public interest.

Still onward and upward we go, past Hyde Park, past New Paltz, past John Astor's summer residence, past Rondout, and we know not what beside; for now our attention is taken by a blue pile on the northern horizon, which we know to be the first faintly visible outlines of the Catskills. Nearer and nearer we approach them, and they loom up higher and higher before us, sometimes lost behind an intervening hill, but presently re-

kills! My first view of real mountains, though I have crossed the Alleghenies many times. The Alleghenies make so gradual an ascent from the sea, that one never realizes half their altitude. But the Catskills rise sheer up from the plain which stretches back from the Hudson, and their entire height above the sea is at once discovered. Nearer and nearer we come, and grander and grander they rise, until we plainly see the Mountain House upon the face of the cliff, and the cleared fields upon the mountain The Mountain House is sides. about twelve miles from the landing, and at an elevation of three thousand feet above the level of the river, while the mountains behind rise a thousand or fifteen hundred feet higher. These mountains were called by the Indians the Mountains of the Sky, and here, according to Indian belief, was kept the treasury of storm and sunshine.

On a high point on the opposite side of the Hudson, Church, the artist, has made himself a home; and surely no fitter place for a student of nature could be found, where he may study the ever-varying faces of the mountains.

We are approaching Hudson, and just before we reach the city we pass a beautifully rounded, cultivated hill, called Mount Merino. It is a charming spot, and from its summit no doubt an extended view of

the neighborhood can be obtained.

We are yet many miles from our journey's end, but it is half-past three o'clock, and we are so tired. By a singularly inconvenient arrangement, the windows of these floating palaces are so high that the traveller, seated in the saloon, can only get a glimpse of the sky, and maybe the tops of the distant mountains. The day is so windy we cannot sit on deck. And thus the alternative is to stand if we would see. See we must and will, and so through the long day we stand upon our feet-two of us, at least, who are comparatively young, and who would rather be tired out than miss a single view of the magnificent panorama before us. But nature at last rebels, and calls out for rest. We must sit down, though a succession of Catskills, each grander than the other, were to rise on our way. We now and then take excursions to the stern of the boat, to catch parting some renowned and god-like character has lived;

Rensselaerstein," from whose wall Nicholas Koorn, the agent of Killian Van Rensselaer, the patroon, compelled all passing vessels to pay tribute, or run the risk of being sunk by the ordnance of the fort. There is now upon the island a long, frowning building, with small apertures, which may be port-holes. Some one suggests that this may be the famous old castle. But, alas! we fear it is only an ice house! So tamely do things degenerate in these modern times! We are conscious that we are in danger of being aground on the overslaugh, by the constant rattling of the rudder-chains, and the slow and constantly changing course of the steamer. We look with a certain curiosity upon the extensive dykes on either side of the river. But the scenery is tame compared with that which we have passed through during the day; and for the most part we are all content to sit quietly in our easy chairs until the spires of Albany are visible in the distance, and

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Hudson.

we know our journey to be nearly ended. Albany at last, after nine hours of steamboat in what is there as in an effort to see what is not travel through scenery unsurpassed in America, and scarcely equalled anywhere. Nine hours of delight, which can never be repeated, since every one of them brought fresh and unexpected pleasure, and there can be but one first time upon the

#### THE LAST SUPPER.

BY C.

N Milan are many paintings of great merit, especially in the Brera Gallery. But the most celebrated and really the most remarkable and beautiful picture in Northern Italy is "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, a fresco of imperishable renown, although about perished itself. Everybody in Christendom has seen pictures of this picture, from copies made when it was possible to see the original, though scarcely possible to copy it.

To find this picture, you must go to an old cavalry barrack, formerly the convent Sancta Maria della Grazie, and find, as best you can, the hall that was used as the refectory of that institution; and there is "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, which was unsurpassed by anything of its kind, but now dim with age. Sixteen years the artist toiled at this fresco. Had it been done on canvas instead of on a wall, often damp, it would to-day rival the "Transfiguration" by Raphael. The first quarter of an hour one stands before it, his feeling is as when in a room where Dunellen, New Jersey.

glimpses of the now receding mountains. We take the occupant has forever departed. As you see a single look at Bear Island, in which meet the four the forms of Christ and the twelve, it is as if you counties of Albany, Rensselaer, Columbia and had been led into an ante-chamber in the land of Greene; where also is the site of the "Castle of shades; and you become engrossed, not so much



POTTGHEREPSIE.

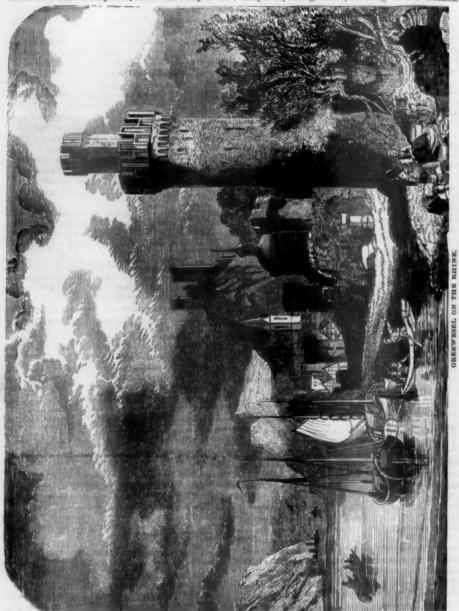
there. Many attempts to restore certain shades, colors and outlines have mostly been strokes of additional ruin; and some such touches are dimmer now than certain others supposed to be those of the great master himself. Yet, as you gaze long and intently at these apparitions, you are conscious of a wonderful power emanating from them; and their attitudes, earnest expressions and gestures, shadowy and somewhat wild, seem to utter ghostly whispers along the rude table. After awhile, without knowing such a thing to be possible, you do begin to discern a look-a see out, as the German tongue better gives it-in the face of the Lord, which you think could have been produced only by an inspired painter. The air of divine calmness, sorrowing seriousness, and Christ-like tenderness still lingering in that face, seeming to breathe the words, "One of you shall betray me," is something miraculous and indescribable.

> "He who observes it, ere he passes on Pauses again; returns and gazes long, That he may call it up when far away."

Photographic art is unable to reproduce this marvellous delineation of divine character in the the Saviour's face, owing to the decay of the fresco. The finest copies by the cleverest artists also fail to transfer it. No means are known of saving its almost vanished spirit, and the last people who will ever perceive it are the present generation.

by a freak of the river, which, as it arrives

OBERWESEL ON THE RHINE.
HE Rhine Gau," says a traveller, "is called the Paradise of Germany, and is formed Within this little enclosure, sheltered by the mountains from the cold winds, are fields, and under the walls of Mayence, turns suddenly to the vineyards, and gardens, teeming with a richness



left, and from a northerly takes a westerly course, and beauty more like those under Italian skies as far as the little town of Bingen, where it is im- and stretching away in the most luxuriant verpeded by a range of the Taurus Mountains, and dure, as far as the eye can reach, dotted with vilslowly winds round again to the north, forming lages, farmhouses and humbler cots, while along

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the river range the remnants of old feudal walls, churches, castles, convents and abbeys, teeming with the legendary lore of eighteen centuries."

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Situated on the right bank of the Rhine, nearly twenty miles above Coblentz, stands the little town of Oberwesel, overlooking this magnificent Rhine valley. It is most picturesquely placed, bold spurs from the adjacent mountains coming down to the very river banks, their summits not infrequently crowned by the ruins of some castle or convent. Oberwesel is in the very midst of the richest and most beautiful of all the regions of Germany. In the valley, which the river encloses, are innumerable vineyards, the products of whose wine-presses have some of them a worldwide reputation. The most noted of these is the vineyard belonging to the castle of Uohannicberg. which is the property of Prince Metternich. This vineyard is sixty-three acres in extent,

The whole region round about Oberwesel is rich in historic associations. Not far off is the Strahlenberg, and at its feet the little village of Hattenheim, still surrounded by forests and impregnable fastnesses, for there dwelt the lords of Scharfestein, who for centuries were the terror of the haughty bishops of Mayence.

The Rhine Gau was the scene of the ravages and devastations of the "Servile Wab." The peasants had nothing to lose and little to gain, and so they revenged themselves upon their tyrants for long centuries of oppression. This rebellion originated in the neighborhood of Mayence, and extended far and wide, so that half a century elapsed before the country recovered from the blight which it cast upon it.

A few miles above Oberwesel is the town of Bingen, so celebrated in the poem "Bingen on the Rhine." Not far from Bingen is the castle of Ehrenfels, and opposite the castle a small square tower immortalized by Southey in his poem of "Bishop Hatto," which preserves the tradition of the tower.

The city of Coblentz, which lies at the mouth of the Moselle, is one of the most interesting places upon the river. The Rhine is here crossed by a bridge of boats. Immediately opposite Coblentz is Ehrenbreitstein, the "Gibraltar of the Rhine," capable of accommodating one hundred thousand men, though five thousand are sufficient to man it properly.

There is no point for many miles both above and below the town of Oberwesel that is not interesting and beautiful, and that has not connected with it either history or legend.

#### AUTUMN IN TENNESSEE.

BY M. T. ADKINS.

HE hills and valleys of Eastern Tennessee, in their robes of summer green, present some of the most beautiful of American scenery. But their beauties are increased ten fold when the woods and hills assume the golden livery of autumn.

The change from the verdure of midsummer to the many tints of October is so gradual as to be almost imperceptible to the casual eye. The first harbinger of the coming change from summer to autumn is noticeable about the middle of September, when along about nightfall you will notice the sound of a low wailing wind, which goes sighing through the woods and over the meadows, bearing upon its wings a stray leaf of russet or brown, of crimson or gold. It is the first faint breath of the new season, and the floating leaves are the first offering of the woods to the autumnal goddess. A few days later, you notice a perceptible coolness in the air at night; the sighing wind is louder and more frequent, and the floating leaves are more plenty.

You wake up some fine, bracing morning, and notice a slight frost upon the ground. Rambling out to the nearest woods, you find the maples and sourwoods have put on a deep crimson; the oaks have assumed a brown, and the chestnuts, here and there, fling to the ground a russet leaf.

About the first of October comes a sharper frost.

After this, the woods rapidly take on those brilliant colors for which our autumn scenery is so famous. About the middle of October they are at their brightest.

Standing upon one of our mountain tops, the view, for miles around, is grand enough to enchant a stole. Far as the eye can reach through the hazy atmosphere is one grand panorama of gorgeous colors.

"The mountains that infold

In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round, Seem groups of giant kings in purple and gold, That guard the enchanted ground."

Far away to the eastward, you see the grand, old, smoky mountains, lifting high their mighty crests in the blue ether. To the north the scene is bounded by the bold outlines of the Clinch range; while the nearer foreground is filled in with gold and purple hills, around whose base perhaps flows the crystal waters of a pure mountain stream.

For a week, or ten days, the beauties of this season last; then slowly fade away.

The wailing wind whirls through the trees with a sharper gust, scattering the golden trophies with every breath. They are gathered in heaps, beside fallen logs, and in every hollow. In walking through the woods you sink up to your knees, amid such a rustling that you can scarcely hear.

This is the "Indian summer" season.

"When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light, the waters of the rill."

The season of "golden mist and haze." The season when summer returns for a few days to linger upon hillside and meadow; when the south wind ventures cautiously back to search out those of his children that the early frosts have spared; and to scatter bright leaves over those that have fallen.

The farmer now hastens to gather in his crops, for well he knows that this is the last of the fair weather.

The swelling ears of maize are heaped high beneath the old shed; the golden pumpkins are gathered into the barn. The woodpile is heaped high, against the coming storm; and the thrifty

housewife busies herself in preparing the winter's clothing.

At last comes the "cold November rain," and the brightness of the autumn foliage is gone from "upland glade and glen," the flerce blasts wail and moan through the naked woods, singing the requiem of the dying year.

#### THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY RUTH.

The wintry winds a mournful requiem sigh;

Soon will it leave us; never more appearing To mortal eye.

No blooming flowers their fragrance shed around it, No sweet rose-leaves to strew upon its bler, No leafy boughs, where gentle zephyrs whisper Soft in its ear.

Only the stars, from the vast arch of heaven, Look down upon it with their loving eyes, As just one year ago they watched its dawning So calmly rise.

And I—I with the stars a silent vigil,
Through the lone night, beside the casement
keep,

While all around, where'er my eye can wander, Seems wrapped in sleep.

The fire is flickering low upon the hearthstone,
The lamp burns dimly in my quiet room,
And thought is busy with the memories thronging
Fast through the gloom.

The summer long is past—the harvest ended;
The last ripe fruits and grain are gathered home;
And I, a laborer in the world's broad vineyard,
How have I come?

Bring I no fruits meet for the Master's service?

No offering worthy to lay at His feet?

Are there but weeds, and chaff, and withered

sses,

In place of wheat?

Are there no fragrant flowers of love and kindness,

Which I resolved to scatter in the way Of fellow-pilgrims, toiling on beside me From day to day?

Where is the charity, long-suffering, gentle, Forgiving other's faults with patience sweet? Precious to Him, who weigheth all our actions As finest wheat.

Alas! few are the sheaves which bear such treasures;

Grasses and withered stalks are mostly here; Yet is the Master patient, while He bids us Be of good cheer.

Renew our toil with earnest purpose, striving
With fairer future to redeem the past;
He that is faithful in the least receiveth
Reward at last.

And up the shadowy vista opening o'er me,
I see Hope beckoning unto me and you;
The old year dies! and with unspoken promise
Dawns the new.

#### A STORY OF FEUDAL TIMES.

GNES BERNAUER was the daughter of an Augsburg citizen, who neither piqued himself upon his descent, nor upon the number of heraldic quarterings which had distinguished his great ancestor, Bernard von Bernaur. She was universally admired for the beauty and grace which distinguished her person. Her mental endowments were no less conspicuous; so that they who conversed with her for only a few minutes. knew not which to admire most, the Madonna-like beauty of her countenance, or the fascination which appeared to attend on everything she said or did. She was at once the object of envy and admiration, but envy itself could discover nothing in the life of the fair Agnes but what was full of example and honor to her sex.

The fame of her beauty had reached the ears of Albert, son of the Duke Ernest, of Bavaria; and he, prizing virtue and beauty in solitude, before all the splendor that invested the high-born dames of his father's court, became the suitor of Agnes. They were secretly married in one of the many castles the ruins of which now line the course of the Danube in Bavaria. The Castle of Vohenburg is the one mentioned. It stands a few miles from Ingolstadt, and not far from the picturesque ruins of the Castle of Welheim, a view of which is here

ziven.

The ruins of this last-named castle, situated about six miles below Newberg on the Danube, stands on a rocky precipice above the village of Welheim, which, in feudal times, was held in vassalage to its chiefs. It shows, in its isolated and commanding position, how, in an age of force and violence, the lords of the soil made themselves strong for defense or aggression, and stood ever

ready for siege or foray. The secret of the marriage, however, soon transpired, and the angry duke resolved to inflict a punishment on his son at a time and place which would make it most keenly felt. He proclaimed a tournament to be held at his castle on a certain day; and, according to the fashion of the times, invited all true knights to break a spear on the occasion in honor of their lady loves. On the morning of the fête the lists were crowded with knightly combatants; but one, only one, was denied admittance, and that was Albert, the duke's own son, whose lowly marriage with the daughter of a citizen was supposed to exclude him from all participation in the chivalrous feats of the day. Exasperated by this unexpected insult, he no longer made a secret of his marriage, but proclaimed the name of Agnes Bernauer as the peer-

This open avowal of what he called his family shame provoked the duke, whose secret agents were soon employed in concerting the means through which to compass the death of the beautiful and unsuspecting Agnes. But he concealed his resentment, and sending his son with a body of horse to the frontier, dispatched emissaries to seize the unhappy wife, and make way with her by any secure means that might be offered. The assassins found her in her bower, unsuspicious of danger, and as their commands were peremptory,

less object of his affections and his lawful wife.

they dragged her before a fictitious tribunal. where, being accused of witchcraft, found guilty and condemned to die forthwith, she was carried to the bridge of Straubing, and thence cast into the Danube, vainly crying for mercy, and invoking the name of her husband. No one present, however, dared to lift an arm in her defence, or to utter a word in condemnation of her sentence. She was carried along with the stream until she reached a projecting angle of the bank, where a some slight resistance to its force, and retarded for rest in peace!"

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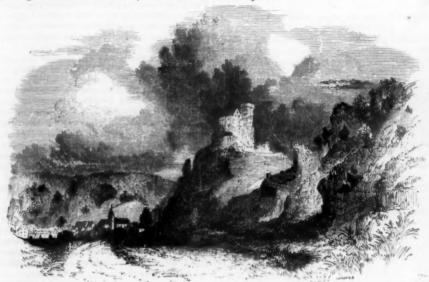
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At last, through the interposition of the imperial authority of the Emperor Sigismund, the young prince was pacified and reconciled to his father, who, to attest his contrition for the foul and barbaric murder, instituted a perpetual mass for the soul of the deceased lady. In a small chapel in the church-yard of St. Peter's, at Straubing, where the dreadful deed was committed, is a red marble tablet with an effigy, and this inscription: "In the year of our Lord 1436, on the 12th mass of willows, dipping into the current, offered day of October, died Agnes Bernauer. May she



RUINS OF AN OLD FEUDAL CASTLE,

awhile the death of the victim. Her fierce enemies, however, who never lost sight of her for a moment, now rushed to the spot. She had disengaged or broken the cords that bound her wrists, and would have escaped had not one of her assassins, with a barbarity rare even in those cruel times, twisted a long spear in her hair, and thrust her back into the water, holding her there until she was drowned.

This terrible scene was witnessed by one of Albert's retainers, and reported to him in his tent. The tidings were at first pronounced incredible, but the messenger persisting in his statement, Albert sprung to his horse, and never drew rein until he had reached the fatal spot. Here the still assembled crowd testified to the truth of the horrible deed. He gave vent to his grief and despair in violent paroxysms which no language can describe; then throwing off all filial allegiance, and breathing vengeance against the murderers of his wife, he took service under Louis Barbatushis father's implacable enemy-and with him brought the horrors of war to the very hearths and altars of his country. The result was a longcontinued scene of bloodshed, in which Albert, always conspicuous, took ample revenge, but found not the death he sought.

#### FIFTY YEARS AGO:

OR, THE CABINS OF THE WEST,

BY ROSELLA RICE,

No. 12.

O one would dream that a cabin had stood there. How smooth is the ground, how gentle its undulations, how calm the scene That sloping meadow, with the sunshine falling aslant from the western hills, is beautiful to look upon. Every hollow is transformed into a dimple. The drooping elms, softly stirred by the breeze, wave like mourning-plumes upon a hearse. Once that meadow was a thicket of tangled thorn, and haw, and bramble, and bristling wild vines; later, it was a dark morass, whose miasmatic breath was the poison that brought sickness, and suffering, and sorrow, and death to cabin homes; and later yet, it was like a luxuriant wild garden, from whose fertile bosom the barefoot country girl gathered her brown arms full of wild lilies, gorgeous meadow pinks, honeysuckles, wake robins, sweet williams and rare vines and grasses.

Where stood the cabin, none may know save the few to whom the spot is sacred ground. When they have passed away, the stranger's plough will

turn over brown furrows, and he will plod with and provisions. I even recall how they were weary step behind the steady team, calculating the profits of the coming crop, with his eyebrows drawn stolidly beneath the broad brim of his straw hat. When the soil turns over and bits of delft lie exposed to the light of day, the stranger's eye will not grow bright with curiosity and recognition. If he stoops to pick them up, and wipes off the grime of half a hundred years, his lip may curl at the bright yellow flowers, and dark red leaves, and the glaring absurdity of the table service of long ago. He will see pictures of sunflowers on tea-saucers, and vines with leaves like burdock on cups, and maroon dogs, and blood-red cats, and yellow men wearing gigantic hats with peaked crowns, and outreached arms bearing cutlasses, cimetars, javelins and cumbersome implements of war and carnage. He will pick up bits of bowls round which a dark brown, sinuous serpent had wreathed its repulsive length, and little creampitchers with storks diving their bills down into the hearts of over-blown roses, poppies or hollyhocks.

And little will the ploughman think, when he cultivates a low corner anear, that once a woodland spring had been sheltered there in the dusky depths of an unbroken wild; that feathery ferns had waved about its brim, and the delicate arbutus had trailed its sweet lengths on the banks above. and that below a little brooklet had crept along under the dead leaves and among the tufted violets, and only had the lapwing and the oriole and shy forest birds slaked their thirst from the lowly rill that flowed unseen for years by the white man.

As he rests on his hoe handle, and surveys the work he has just done, little will he dream that he stands where once was a garden, and that the brown soil beneath his feet, fifty years ago, sent up from its wonderful laboratory beds of flaunting flowers; that where his heavy brogans stand, pitilessly as the feet of oxen, were once mats of pansies, and pinks, and ruby-hearted roses, among which fluttered gay butterflies and green-andgold-winged humming birds, while the busy bees in yellow armor droned and dozed dreamily down in the sweet hearts of the garden flowers.

As I thought of all this, I sat down on a boulder which had been placed on the site of the first cabin home in the wilderness. And as I recalled scene after scene that had been enacted on that hallowed spot, none touched me as did this one that comes to me now so vividly. It is of a favorite uncle, a young man, a member of the family born and brought up in the old cabin. I scarcely recall his blue eyes and light brown hair, but I cannot forget my place upon his knee and upon his bosom and within his sheltering arms. His musical laugh comes to me yet, and his quizzing way of teasing me and getting funny answers. Then I remember, as though it was a calamity that befell the family, of the boy Harry and an associate, Will, going away to earn money by working on the canal. At that time it was all the way that was open to earn tolerable wages. I remember the low voices in consultation, the sad faces, the soft footfall, the silent preparation for the lonely journey, and the white knapsacks with clothing

made, out of coarse, unbleached muslin, with places like armholes, through which the poor boys thrust their arms and fitted the ungainly little packs snugly upon their shoulders. I recall the sobbing women who stole out silently that they might not bid farewell; the men who strove to appear bold, and brave, and manly, and to speak light words; the knotted crab-stick canes with which they walked off with hasty strides; and then the shadow that fell upon the lonely home. and lay like a ban upon its threshold.

That first sorrow of my life often comes up to me vet, robbed, alas, of not one atom of its sting! I often go back adown the shadowed vista of years, and uncover that baby-grief and look upon it. I remember so distinctly of wandering about restlessly from place to place, not hungry, nor sleepy, nor happy, but like one bewildered, lost and without kindred or friends. In my pocket I carried a fragmentary bit of new calico, saving it to show Uncle Harry on his return, and to tell him that when I grew to be a wor an I meant to buy him a pair of pantaloons off that piece. Then I carried a soft bit of cambric that was intended to tie up his thumb when he cut it, and my little mug was filled with nuts that were his very own. Every day I looked away to the dusty yellow road that wound round the hill, and shaded my eyes, hoping to see the one who was all the world to me.

But he never came again. He was thrown among rude, rough men. The fair boy stood for days working in mud and water; his food was very coarse, and illy prepared by the unskilled hands of careless men. He slept on the ground on bare straw in a rude shanty. Mail facilities were not as they are now, and his letters rarely reached his home. At the first streak of dawn the laborers were called from their slumbers to resume their shovels and mattocks, and through the day an overseer, to whom "flesh and blood were cheap," drove them with no mercy in his harsh demands. All this could not last long.

One night the comrade, Will, was roused by Harry's hot hands clutching him with, "Will, what was that moving like a great shadow?"

His bed-fellow felt the fever's fire in the twitching hands, and, half-awake, he said: "Oh, that's the big sycamore in the moonlight; you see it through the crevices of the roof; shut your eyes and sleep."

Just as Will had forgotten the murmured response and fallen asleep, Harry cried out sharply: "That noise! that noise! They are coming! I hear them whispering!"

"Don't, Harry," was the reply; "it is only the rushing of the water in the river. We always hear that, both day and night."

Again he soothed him; but soon with a low, satisfied laugh he called out; "There she stands! Oh, see her! Just like a white mist."

"Yes, yes," said his companion, soothingly; "and now let me cover you up, for you are shivering with cold;" and he tucked the one scanty covering down close to his back, and creeping ower into the straw, tried to sleep.

But the broken words, and pitiful moans, and stifled cries of the sick boy, mingled with the plashing of the waves, and rustling of the leaves without and straw within, made very lonely the slow hours of the autumn night.

The fever increased; its fatal fire burned brighter and hotter. The lad lay for days on the straw in the shanty. The physician administered medicines and denied cold water, and said: "You will soon be up again; this is nothing serious.'

"If I could see some of them at home, oh, it would do me so much good!" was the quivering cry of his sane moments; but only the bare walls of a rude shanty of slabs met his gaze, while without the song, and jest, and laughter of his fellowlaborers, the sound of the mattock's blow, and the rushing of the swift waters, all made a confused noise that blended together.

The wife of the contractor, in going down to the wayside well one day, heard the sharp cry of the sick boy, and putting down the pail she carried, she entered the low shanty from which proceeded the noise. The heart of the poor little overworked woman was touched with pity, and she sat down beside the pallet of straw and talked to Harry. How kind were her words, and how soothing the touch of her woman's hand!

"Have you no home?" she asked; "no friends to come and nurse you?"

"Both," he replied; "a good home and good friends-and, oh, I want to see some of them! I shall die here! Won't you write to them and tell them to come for me with the wagon? Tell them to put a bed and pillows in it. And, oh, tell them not to wait an hour, for I am dying in this lonely

place! Oh, my home! my home!"

"I cannot write," was her answer; "but my brother James will, and I will tell him what you say; and in the meantime I will have you taken out of this lonely shanty and kindly cared for. The men shall carry you down to mother's, and she will attend to you as if you were her own son. And now cheer up, and try and be well enough to ride when your brothers come for you with the wagon. That will be so nice to go to your own home again!" and she soothed him and left him.

A letter was dispatched to Harry's relatives, telling them of his serious illness and his anxiety to be taken home. Then the kind woman asked the men after they had dined to carry the sick boy to the pleasant little cabin home of her widowed mother. There he was properly cared for by her brothers.

But the weary days dragged their tedious lengths along: the fever-fire burned unabated in his veins: one sole desire had possession of his mind, and that was to reach his dear familiar home and friends once more.

But a weekly mail in those days comprised our facilities, and frequently that was delayed. The boy grew worse; the desire to see his home was maddening; his thoughts all centered on that one iden.

His letter reached its destination, but the postmaster was careless, and when the brothers asked if there wasn't a letter from Harry, the grim old white eyes over his glasses, and gruffly responded, " No."

At different times have things unaccountably strange entered into my life for a brief moment, and then passed away and left me wondering, and unable to explain.

The first of these came then, when my best beloved lay sick unto death, a stranger among strangers. I have no pleasure in uncovering these strange and sacred events, and letting passers-by look upon them, as we let our neighbors look upon the dear faces of our dead; I shrink of being called superstitious.

At this time I slept alone in a little trundle-bed near my parents. One night I called: "Papa, here he is! he's come! but, O papa!"

Yes, it was my Uncle Harry, and yet how unlike him. He seemed to float instead of stand, his eyes were sunken and sad instead of bright and laughing, his face was unreal, and white, and fading like a mist. I called out sharply the names of papa and mamma, and wondered how they could lie there and manifest no joy over his unexpected arrival.

They said: "There now, shut your eyes and sleep," and the two treating it as a dream, slept, and the vision came again and again, and the long hours were unbroken save by the lonesome sound of their regular breathing. I remember of my mother asking me questions in a light way on the day following, but my cautious parents were so careful lest their children imbibe superstitious ideas that the painful subject was never alluded to in my presence.

Harry's anxiety became so intense that he had his bed moved near to a window, and his head raised higher, so he could lie and look out in the direction of his home, and be the first one to see the horses and the wagon with the bed in it and the dear, familiar face of the brother who would come for him.

The weary days dragged on. He grew weaker and weaker; the fever fed upon his remaining vitality; at last he could not look out from the window, but he would say: "Tell me the minute you see them coming-a brown wagon and one white and one bay horse. Then I will get up and dress, and get my knapsack, and cane, and my coat with the pretty buttons. Oh, I can ride easily in the wagon on one of Sally's good beds!"

Then soon his mind wandered all the time, and he would say: "Look out, I think I heard the wagon stop; tell me if one horse is white and the other a bay, and if it is, get my clothes, and-I'm so tired that you may put them in the knap-

One night, the contractor's wife said to her brother: "He cannot live; you must go immediately for his relatives," and at the lonely hour of midnight the brother started on his mission. I remember the tired young man, and just how he appeared as he stood in the door, dusty and worn with travel, his hat in his hand respectfully, and I very distinctly recall seeing my mother spring to her feet and, with quickened breath, say to the stranger: "Oh, sir, you bring us ill tidings!" man looked up from his newspaper, peered with How keen are a woman's intuitions. Then he toki

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tands! ingly: hiverscanty eeping her, and after the first rain of tears, she remembered the rite of hospitality, and the stranger was tenderly cared for.

Then, as soon as possible, one of the brothers and the messenger started. They galloped over the rough roads, and through the woods, and up and down the rugged hills, actuated by the desire to reach the bedside of the dying before it was too late. They hardly spoke during the wearisome

journey.

"They will soon be here," said the sick boy, in a paroxysm of excitement; "you will know the horses, one white and one bay. Tell me the minute you see them come down the hill. Lay my knapsack here on the foot of the bed; stand my cane there, and put my hat beside it. Oh, I can ride on one of Sally's beds! It will seem so good to get out in the fresh air. I am so tired of digging in the hard yellow clay and standing in the mud and water. But I have to work and earn something. There! there! help me out of this! Give me your hand, Will, heave-ho! now reach me the mattock and shovel-there-there," and he sank back exhausted, and the breath came with a feeble flutter, and the blue eyes closed and the heavy lashes shut down slowly. The woman wet her palm in camphor and softly slid it down over his face. He revived and seemed to sleep.

In the meantime the brother was hastening on, some of the time leaning forward and standing up in the stirrups. Oh, the agony of suspense! In the sorrowing home, a sister walked the floor hurriedly and wrung her hands in grief; the brothers moved about silently and listlessly, and the old postmaster rubbed his forehead thoughtfully and said: "There's been a letter in the office a good

while, somehow, it seems."

Suddenly the dying boy opened his eyes and stared wildly, and then a smile lighted up his face and he spoke joyfully, saying: "There! I heard him say whoa; oh, I'm so glad-you can see them from the window, a white horse and a bay, and the bed's in the wagon, and I'll leave this clay bank and the heavy mattock now. Get my hat, and reach me the knapsack, and you may place it on my shoulders, and where's my crab-apple cane, you know we'll not want to lose any time, they'll need the team, maybe, and-and-have me all ready. I can't see; where is the knapsack? put my hand on it and-my hat-you get it-there's not a minute to lose and-now I'll be off-yesgive them to me-I knew they would come! well, yes, now I'll go; good-bye," and the blue eyes opened wide in a death-stare as he fell back upon his pillow, dead.

Some of the laborers on the canal came in and stood beside the bed. They stepped softly and one of them drew the back of his brown hand across his eyes and said: "Poor lad! he's done with this world," and very gently he lifted the white knapsack from off the foot of the bed, removed the hat from the stiffening grasp of the thin hand, and laid the smooth crab-apple cane away, and he whispered, as he shook his head, saying: "My God! it must 'a' been hard for him to give up and die when he was so anxious to git home."

two galloping horsemen rode up and dismounted. The beasts were flecked with foam. The face of the widowed mother looked out from the window: as soon as her son saw it he knew all, and taking the bridle from the hands of the other, he bade him, in a husky voice, to enter.

The sorrowing brother staggered into the house. glanced around and his eve fell upon the outline of a human figure lying on the bed under a sheet. There was no voice to greet him with expressions of joy: no eye to brighten at his coming; he was too late. His grief was intense; he called upon the name of the dead, he spoke his pet name in tender, loving tones, as if he would bring the light of recognition into the eyes dim in death. It was very hard to give him up and know him in this life no more forever.

I remember his lonely return after the burial. Not a word was spoken when he crossed the threshold and laid down the little burden that Harry had borne away on his shoulders-his poor little worldly effects. The young sister looked at the knapsack and the bundle of clothing, and, with a wailing cry that I never can forget, fell senseless on the floor. My mother turned aside and buried her face among the pillows of her bed and cried piteously. I knew not what death was, so I stood with my hands clasped behind me and looked upon the sorrowful scene, unable to comprehend it. I felt in my pocket and took out the bit of pretty calico, and for the fiftieth time admired it and thought of my cherished plan.

When the knapsack was opened and the bundle of clothing shaken out, I recognized every garment, and went and felt of them and touched the pretty, gray, shiny buttons to my cheeks. A great sorrow filled my heart, but I knew not what it was, I could not define or understand it, but it

lay like a leaden weight.

When a little paper was unrolled and all the precious things looked upon by the family for the first time, the sacred privacy of poor Harry's boyish heart lay revealed. There were pretty keepsakes, and bits of poetry, and letters, and most treasured of all, was a beautiful braid of soft, silken, brown hair-a lady's-long, and bright, and flossy. The sisters wept over it in silence.

Next, I remember distinctly of a heavy gravestone borne into the house by three or four men and placed on a trestle, and then a curly-haired, little, spry stone-cutter, with mallet and chisel, went to work copying the inscription that lay before him. I rarely left the side of the busy workman. I watched the formation of every gracefully wrought letter, and followed the curves with a meddlesome forefinger.

When finished, the stone was lifted into a wagon and hauled down to the creek and put in a skiff, and one of the brothers was delegated to bear it away to that lonely grave in a strange land. It was a somewhat singular mode of transportation, but in early days settlers were driven to devise ways and means.

The young man followed his freight into the skiff, and bidding a low good-bye, took up the Hardly was the bitterness of death past until oars and silently departed on his sad errand of love. After a few miles the creek was joined by a tributary which widened and made it deeper, a few miles further and another joined it, and finally it became the Walhonding River and continued so until the end of his journey.

My desire to visit the grave of our beloved dead, as I grew up to womanhood, became all-absorbing, a pain, a grief that was almost unendurable, and, at last, I could brook restraint no longer, and went, almost alone. To me it was the pligrim's

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I fortunately chanced to meet the good woman who had so kindly ministered unto him. When I stood before her and, in a voice broken with sobs of emotion, told her my errand and who I was, she laid her palms on my head and slid them down over my temples and smiled sadly and pityingly, and told me the old story all over again, adding: "You resemble Harry; his face comes back to me in yours."

I went across the woods, beneath the shadows of towering oaks, to that precious grave, alone. The woodland was like a great grove, with no small timber. At last, where a travelled road curved beautifully, I discerned a few tombstones, and unconsciously my steps grew hurried, my heart beat faster, the sobs uprose and when I drew near I saw and remembered the familiar stone with the plain inscription that the baby finger-tip had followed in that long-ago time. I could not control my intense emotion; I had felt this visit to be a sacred duty and, with a cry that welled up from the very depths of my sorrowing soul, I ran to the grave and laid my arms over it and pressed my face upon the sod and cried: "Oh, I've come! I've come at last!"

It seems to me that I lay there a long time. I could not endure the idea of leaving him there in that lonely place when he had so agonized to reach his home and kindred; but after a while this sweet and precious promise came to me, as though spoken in a voice, "This sleeping dust shall rise and live again." Then my soul was filled with peace, and I calmly gathered some of the vines and flowers and grasses from the grave, and brought them home to look upon and be comforted. If requently look at them and press them to my face, but all the bitterness of my sorrow is gone; it is lost in that beautiful promise of eternal life.

#### AN AUTUMN SONG.

BY JESSIE GLEN.

HEY have called for a song, for a poem;
Do they know what the words imply?
Will they list for the warbling of songbirds
While the might of the storm sweeps by?
They shall hear the grand old poem
Which is traced in the falling year,
Which whispers among its treetops,

Tis the song of a nobler triumph. Than the blood-stained warriors sing; There are notes of a grander pæan. Than ere nation sang to its king.

And sighs through its branches sear.

'Tis a song of the strength that conquers,
Though the heart in tears must weep—
Of a life that will shed brightness,
Though the shadows athwart it creep.

For, when dying is all its verdure,
And decaying all its life,
Does it weakly plead for pity
From the world where scorn is rife?
For an answer, look to the banners
That are flung from every tree;
See there not the fall of nature
But her pride and her glory see.

Enough that her pulse beats slower,
Enough that the time is nigh
When the pure white vesture of winter
Will wrap the year which must die.
Why shall she speak of her anguish?
Why shall she tell of the chill
Which creeps o'er her heart's warm fibers,
And seems all her pulses to chill?

For who shall list to her sorrow?
Who care that her life is dead?
Her forces are not retreating,
They gather new strength instead.
And, e'en when the struggle is ended,
Brave Autumn uncrowned shall not be,
The angels of cloudland will gently
Bedeck with white garlands each tree.

#### A PRAYER.

BY J. C. S.

LOUDS and darkness gathering round me,
All my pathway hide; the rod
I feel; no staff to guide me
Through these waters deep to God.
Yonder, gleams of wondrous splendor,
Flashing through the cloud-rifts, free,
Mountains clad in living emerald,
Palaces and towers I see,

Anthems low, reverberating
Through the tremulous, sweet air,
Sigh along the soft winds bearing
On their pinions perfumes rare.
Golden fruits, forever glowing,
Hang within those love-lit bowers,
Zephyrs bland, forever blowing,
Whisper through their fadeless flowers,

Angel bands with lyres attuned,
Wand'ring through those regions old,
Lofty melodies of Heaven
Tremble from their chords of gold.
White-robed throngs, in glad assemble,
Gather on those flower-gemmed plains,
Life's wild fever stilled forever,
Quenched its tears and ceased its pains.

Clouds and darkness gathering round me,
All my pathway hide; the rod
I feel; no staff to guide me
Through these waters deep to God.
Lift me, Father, from this darkness,
Take me to those regions blest.
Bleeding, broken, from this struggle—
Weary, weeping, let me rest.



THE MUTE CONFESSION.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

Though open it lies in your lap, for I see

Your thoughts are all wandering afar, and in vain You will try to impose upon me.

Your eyes have a far-away look in their deeps, And your mouth shows to me not exactly a smile,

But something that softens your face while it creeps

In curves and in dimples the while.

Then darling, come, tell me what is it, I pray !-

How quickly the vivid flush g'ows on your cheeks:

O, no, you're not reading your book, that is Though your eyes are cast down, and your head turned away,

As I question, that burning blush speaks.

I can guess at your secret, my dear, for I know There is only one thing which brings light to the

Of a maiden, and sets heart and cheeks all aglow, With the start of a sudden surprise.

Nay, nay, do not speak, for I see in your face That truly I've guessed it, and why should I chide!

Some lover has stolen the innermost place In the depths of your heart, to abide.

#### STUDIES OF CHARACTER.

BY MARY W. CABELL,

No. 2.

FATHER.-Most of the men we meet might be divided into two great general classes, though these two classes admit of indefinite subdivisions. DAUGHTER.-What are the two great general classes, father?

F .- Men of thought and men of action. Of course, all men must exert both thought and action in some degree; but according to the preponderance of the one or the other in the life of a man, we will assign him his place in one or the other class. To the first belong the poet, the metaphysician, the philosopher, and all men whose special vocation is some sort of brain-work. To the latter belong the executive men in all departments of human activity. I have never seen the relation between these two classes more happily defined than in a little poem I came across a short time since-a poem which, though intended merely to describe the connection between poetry and prose, may be taken in a larger sense, as an exponent of the connection between all provinces of thought and action:

"I looked upon a plain of green That some one called the land of prose. Where many living things were seen In movement or repose,

"I looked upon a stately hill That well was named the Mount of Song, Where golden shadows dwelt at will The woods and streams among.

"But most this fact my wonder bred, Though known to all the nobly wise, It was the mountain streams that fed The fair green plain's amenities,' JOHN STERLING.

D.-I think the two gentlemen who travelled with us to the lakes last summer might have been taken as representatives of the two classes you have mentioned.

F .- Yes, they might indeed. Our young friend, the student, was gifted with great ideality, and saw everything in

"The light that never was by land or sea."

He had an exquisite perception of the beauties of nature, and, like the poet Wordsworth, saw

"Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything."

The other one was completely antipodal to our esthetic young friend, being a prosaic and humdrum, though sensible and energetic, man. While our young student looked with poetic rapture on broad sheets of water, our prosaic friend revolved in his mind how they could be utilized in the cause of trade and manufacture, and when our student friend plunged his eager gaze into the deep foliage of a forest which his fancy peopled with naiads and all sorts of charming mythical beings, the utilitarian called my attention to the vast amount of valuable timber that might be gotten out of that forest. Our esthetic friend, dwelling in "that fairy world which is everywhere and nowhere," was a good representative nothing is so sweet as contentment, the other that VOL. XLIII.-50.

of the class that keeps up the equilibrium with the prosaic, matter-of-fact class, affording a counterbalance to utilitarianism, and preventing the dust of material concerns from being blown too thickly over the delicate and lovely blossoms of ideality. I could but honor the high calling of the one class, whilst I equally respected the executive capacity of the other. Were either type withdrawn, the world would speedily return to "chaos and old night." Young persons, and especially if they be of a poetic temperament, are apt to underrate the commonplace, humdrum element of society, and yet the importance of this class is inestimable, and the uses they perform immense. Do not despise the commonplace man or woman. The world could not get on an hour without them. A lofty soul, raised above the commonplace, is not found as often as a Sabbath among secular days, and much the greater proportion of the active uses of life are performed by commonplace

I am always glad to see and acknowledge any form of good, from the loftiest to the lowest, and every human being who has not totally perverted his capabilities and the purposes of his creation, represents some form of good. In our moral and spiritual life, there is always a ruling bent which, like the secret but powerful channel of a river. bears us onward on its course, whilst all our other traits are but tributaries to this ruling love. As in ancient times, all roads led to Rome, so all the paths of our thoughts, feelings and endeavors lead to the aim or passion that is strongest or central with us, that is the citadel or capital of that empire we name the soul,

I do not think I advocate a narrowing course of development in saying that I think the moral training should be analogous to that mental training which wise parents and teachers bestow on children. If any decided talent is observed, although the child's education be general and he be suitably instructed in all branches, yet everything bends to this talent in which he is fitted to excel. I have lived long enough to see that eclectic excellence does not fall to the lot of a human being, and that it is better for one to fix his eyes steadily on one point than to let them rove vaguely over indefinite space.

When you have seen more of life and are competent to take larger views of things, you will understand how requisite a variety of talents and of traits are to the formation of that mosaic we call society. In my experiences of life, I have seen such diversity of gifts, so many types of character counterbalancing or else blending, contrasting or co-operating with each other, whilst even very imperfectly-developed or even perverted types of character are made subservient to the common good by the wondrous Wisdom above, thus indirectly co-operating with harmoniously-developed types of character.

In the course of my life, I have known and admired many varying, nay, many opposite types of character-the placid, patient, ox-like type-the fiery, eagerly aspiring, urged on by a sublime discontent-the first taking for their motto that

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ice nould I nothing is so dangerous, and each motto contains a measure of truth, for so vast is the temple of that I call her "The Hag," and she "answers to" truth that only one line or angle can be seen from one standpoint, hence arise many apparent contradictions. I have noted and reverenced the measure of truth and good that lay both in the conservative and radical element in human nature. (I do not use these terms in a narrow, political sense, but in a large, general one). I have observed with wonder and delight how the destructive as well as the constructive element in human thought and effort was overruled for the common good.

Many a time I have descried even in very erring and imperfect characters, some special form of good, feebly struggling toward the light, amid weedy entanglements of evil. Every human being, whether he develop it fully, develop it feebly or stifle it, has a capacity for unfolding a special form of good, and the more distinctly he develops this and the more thoroughly he maintains his individuality, the greater will be his capacity for ministering to his race. What a beautiful writer of the day says about the household is equally applicable to the individual: "It should draw down and instil into its little kingdom some new and peculiar human quality. In short, it should have and inculcate a genius of its own. Some distinctive aims, some peculiarly beautiful ideals, some particular principles held and practised in a particular way, should be seen to govern and color every household."

The love and wisdom of God might be likened to a divine book, and the goodness and wisdom of each man is but one word, nay, sometimes, in the incompleteness of our development, but one syllable repeated from this book. Hence, it takes many men of diverse gifts to represent one sentence from this book, whilst all the men on earth and all the angels in Heaven could never embody

the whole volume.

#### MY MONKEYS.\*

"THE HAG" AND "TINY."

AM sure that we do not take sufficient notice of what may be called the "mind" of animals. There is something which regulates their actions and thoughts, which is certainly a degree higher than instinct; and it is this peculiar faculty which I am so fond of studying. The monkeys at the Zoological Gardens are very interesting animals; but they are not, so to speak, civilized; they have only their own relatives as associates, and they have not learned the elegancies and refinements of polite society, to which monkevs accustomed to the continual company of our noble selves will attain.

I have two little r.onkeys at home of which I am exceedingly fond. They are really half educated in their way, and are almost fit to go up for a competitive examination. My monkeys' names are "The Hag" and "Tiny." Hag's original name was "Jenny," but she has so much of the character of a disagreeable old woman about her that name. Tiny was originally a very little monkey indeed, not much bigger than a large rat. My friend Bartlett brought her to me from the Zoologi. cal Gardens as a dead monkey; she was "as good as dead "-a perfect skeleton, and with but little hair on her. She arrived tied up in an old canvas bag. I put her into "The Hag's" cage. The old lady at once "took to her," and instantly began the office of nurse; she cuddled up poor Tiny in her arms, made faces, and showed her teeth, at anybody who attempted to touch her. Tiny had port-wine negus, quinine wine, beef-tea, egg and milk-in fact, anything she could eat; and "The Hag" always allowed her to have "first pull" at whatever was put into the cage. In time, Tiny, through Mrs. Buckland's good nursing, stood up, then began to run, her hair all came again; and she is now one of the handsomest, most wicked, intelligent, funny little beasts that ever committed an act of theft. Steal? Why, her whole life is devoted to stealing, for the pure love of the thing. "The Hag's" Latin name is Cercopithecus petaurista, or the vaulting monkey. Tiny is a " Mona," When pleased her cry is very like the word mona" prolonged. Tiny and "The Hag" are dressed like two sis-

ters going to a ball, and it is difficult, for a person who does not know them well, to tell them apart. They are each a little larger than a big guinea-pig, with a long tail. "The Hag" has a green head, a very handsome white beard, with a snow-white spot on her nose and brilliant lustrous brown eyes; the cheeks are beautifully marked with silk-like black hairs; the ears are well turned and very small. I put earrings once into "The Hag's" ears, but Tiny pulled them out and crushed them up with her teeth. On the hair on the top of the head there are markings reminding us of the "plate bonnets" once worn by ladies: the monkeys "wear their own hair," and not chignons. My monkeys are, summer and winter, dressed in seasonable garments: their wardrobe consists of three sets of dresses. First, Their common winter dress of thick white flannel, trimmed with red braid, and peg-top sleeves, with large capes: in these they look like the old-fashioned "Charlies," or night-watchmen. Their "second best" dresses

patent leather strap.

They never-like the casuals at the workhouseattempt to tear their dresses off; but it is a great treat for them to be undressed and put before the fire, and have a good scratch, after which their fur is brushed with a soft brush. They very soon come of their own accord to have their clothes put on again; for they are most sensitive to cold. Their best dress for summer evenings, at tea or dessert, when "company is coming," is a green velvet dress, trimmed with gold lace, like the huntsman of the Queen's staghounds.

are of green baize without capes, made to fit quite

tight, like a friar's frock, tied on round the waist

by means of a girdle of ornamental ribbon or a

Under their dresses, their chests are carefully wrapped round with warm flannel, sewed on. In very cold weather they have an extra thickness of

<sup>\*</sup> From the Log-Book of a Fisherman and Zoologist, By Frank Buckland, M. A. London: Chapman & Hall, 1875.

flannel. I feel convinced that all valuable monkeys should be dressed in this way, and that this plan should always be adopted at the Zoological, especially with the ourangs, chimpanzees, spider monkeys and other rare and costly specimens.

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There is not the slightest suspicion of any parasites, or of any unpleasant smell, about Tiny or "The Hag," They have two cages—a day cage and a night cage. The day cage is a large wire cage, with a rope on which they can swing; the night cage is like a dormouse cage, only, of course, of a larger size. They go into the box at the end, and tumble themselves up in the hay, with which the box is nearly filled. A cover is also put over the cage, to keep them warm all night.

When the fire is lighted in the morning, in my museum, the servant puts the monkeys in their night cage before it, and directly I come down to breakfast I let them out. They are only allowed to be loose in my museum, as they do so much mischief; and in my museum I alone am responsible for the damage they do. The moment the door of the cage is opened they both rush out like rockets, and "The Hag" goes immediately to the fender and warms herself, like a good monkey, as she, being older, seems to know that if she misbehaves herself she will have to be put back into her cage. Tiny, on the contrary, rushes round the room with the velocity of a swallow, and takes observations to see what mischief she can do.

Tiny steals whatever is on the table, and it is great fun to see her snatch off the red herring from the plate and run off with it to the top of the book-While I am getting my herring, Tiny shelves. goes to the breakfast-table again, and, if she can, steals the egg; this she tucks under her arm and bolts away, running on her hind legs. This young lady has of late been rather shy of eggs, as she once stole one that was quite hot, and burnt herself. She cried out, and "The Hag" left off eating sardines, shook her tail violently, and opened her mouth at me, as much as to say, "You dare hurt my Tiny!" If I keep too sharp a look-out upon Miss Tiny, she will run like a rabbit across the table and upset what she can. She generally tries the sugar first, as she can then steal a bit; or she will just put her hand on the milk-jug and pull it over. If she cannot get at the sugar-basin or milk-jug, she will kick at them with her hind legs-just like a horse-and knock them over as she passes.

Having poured out the tea, I open the Times newspaper quite wide, to take a general survey of its contents. If I do not watch her carefully, Tiny goes behind the chair on to the book-shelf, and comes crash, with a Léotard-like jump, into the middle of the Times, like a foxhunter charging at a five-barred gate. Of course, she cannot go through the Times; but she takes her chance of a fall somewhere, and her great aim seems, to perform the double feat of knocking the Times out of my hand and upsetting the tea-cup and its contents; or, better still, the tea-pot on to the floor. Lately, I am glad to say, she did not calculate her fall quite right; for she put her foot into the hot tea and stung herself smartly, and this seems to

for the future. All the day of this misfortune she walked upon her heels, and not upon her toes as usual.

"The Hag" will also steal, but in a more quiet manner. She is especially fond of sardines in oil, and I generally let her steal them, because the oil does her good, though the servants complain of the marks of her oily feet upon the cloth. Sometimes the two make up a "stealing party." One morning I was in a particular hurry, having to go away on salmon inspection duty by train. I left the breakfast things for a moment, and in an instant Tiny snatched up a broiled leg of pheasant and bolted with it-carried it under her arm round and round the room, after the fashion of the clown in the pantomime. While I was hunting Tiny for my pheasant, "The Hag" bolted with the toast: I could not find time to catch either of the thieves, and so had to go off without any breakfast.

Tiny and "The Hag" sometimes go out stealing together. They climb up my coat and search all the pockets. I generally crrry a great many cedar pencils: the monkeys take these out and bite off the cut ends. But the great treat is to pick and pick at the door of a glass cupboard till it is open, then to get in and drink the hair-oil which they know is there.

Any new thing that comes they must examine; and when a hamper comes I let the monkeys unpack it, especially if I know it contains game. They pull out the straw a bit at a time, peep under the paper, run off crying, in their own language, "Look out, there's something alive in the basket!"

The performance generally ends by their upsetting the basket, and if they turn out a hare they both set to work and "look fleas" in the hare's fur. I once received a snake in a basket, and let the monkeys unpack it: they have a mortal horror of a snake. When they found out the contents of the hamper, they were off in double-quick time, crying "Murder! thieves!" and it was a long time before they would come down from behind the cast of a very large Loch Tay salmon on the top of the book-shelves.

It is extraordinary to see the love between these two pretty beasts. Tiny runs directly to "The Hag" if she is in trouble, and "The Hag" seems to know Tiny is the weakest, and must be protected.

In a great measure, Tiny owes her life to "The Hag," for when she was very ill, "The Hag" nursed her like a mother does a baby; but, at the same time, "The Hag" gives her a thrashing now and then to keep her in order; and this castigation consists in hunting her round the cage, and making a scolding noise. If "The Hag" is in earnest, Tiny hides her head in the hay, and waits till "The Hag's" temper is over.

fall somewhere, and her great aim seems, to perform the double feat of knocking the Times out of my hand and upsetting the tea-cup and its contents; or, better still, the tea-pot on to the floor. Lately, I am glad to say, she did not calculate her damages claimed are for destruction and injury to tea and stung herself smartly, and this seems to have had the effect of making her more careful

cannot be found; tea-cups, saucers,—saucers and plates without end; tumblers innumerable, etc., etc., After they have by any chance escaped into the bed-room, and had ten minutes there all to themselves, the bill will rival that for the Abyssinian expedition. It is, moreover, very difficult to catch them in the drawing-room or bed-room, because, if hunted, they run over the mantelpiece and side-tables and knock over the ornaments like skittle-balls, and no amount of persuasion will induce them to come and be caught.

One day a scene of havoc was discovered in the bed-room; it was known the culprit was "The Hag," and that she must be in the bed-room: the servants were called up and the room searched thoroughly, sofa and other pieces of furniture moved, and the whole place thoroughly examined; still no "Hag" could be found. The hunt was given up, but a strict watch kept. At last, after she knew the hunt was over, and we were waiting for the old lady to come out from somewhere, just the top of her head and her bright eyes were seen in the looking-glass on the table-the original of the reflection being on the top of the great oldfashioned four-post bedstead, crouched down behind the board like a rifleman in a pit, "looking to see how we were looking," and as quiet and noiseless as a marble bust,

When I go to Herne Bay to attend to oyster cultivation, I take the monkeys with me for the benefit of the sea air. I always put up at Mr. Walker's, the confectioner, in the Esplanade. Mrs. Walker is very fond of the "colored ladies," as she calls them, and allows them to take great liberties.

Mrs. Walker is rather proud of the way she dresses her shop-window with cakes, buns, sweet stuff, etc. One day "The Hag" had crept very quietly into the shop, and was having a "field day" all to herself in the shop-window among the sweets. Mrs. Walker, sitting in the back parlor, was aroused by hearing a crowd of boys laughing outside the window. On coming into the front shop she found "The Hag" all among the cakes, etc., in the window; both her cheek-pouches were as full as ever they could hold of lemon-peel, and she was still munching at a great lump of it. My lady was sitting on the top of a large cake like a figure on a twelfth-cake. Tiny was not in this bit of mischief for a wonder.

Mrs. Walker declared she would send "The Hag" before my friend, Captain Slark, the chief magistrate of the town, for stealing, and have her locked up for a fortnight; but the thief had first to be caught, and this was a difficult task, for she bolted out into the bakehouse, and up-stairs into the loft where the flour is kept. There is a large wooden funnel through which the flour is passed into the bakehouse below. Trying to hide herself from Mrs. Walker, "The Hag" jumped into the open top of it, and, much to his astonishment, lighted on Mr. Walker's head as he was making the bread below: she knew she was all right with Mr. Walker, but she was one mass of flour. Her green baize coat was quite white, and she looked like a miller on a small scale, and the flour could not be brushed out of her for two or three days.

Mr. Walker tied her up, and there she stayed by the warm oven, the rest of the day, chattering and telling him in monkey-language of all her troubles.

The monkeys' principal companions in the house are a very valuable talking parrot and a handsome French Angora cat. Tiny, when loose, renders the lives of these creatures miserable.

The parrot had originally about fourteen handsome red feathers in her tail: now she can only muster three feathers. Tiny has pulled all the rest out.

Tiny runs and jumps round and round the cage. and pretends to steal the Indian corn: the poor bird turns round and round, with her feathers all the wrong way, and pecks at Tiny, fighting her like an old woman up in a corner defends herself from a lot of mischievous, teasing, street boys, While protecting her corn, Polly forgets her tail; and Tiny watches her opportunity and tears out a handful of feathers at a time, and off she goes like a shooting-star. When the cat is asleep in front of the fire, Tiny's great delight is to creep noiselessly up behind and pull the fur out; and, if that does not wake her, she will get the end of her tail in her mouth and give it a bite, and this operation soon starts the cat. The cat is, in spite of the persecution she receives, not bad friends with the monkeys; they will sometimes both go and sit on her back and "look the fleas" in her fur.

The worst of the monkeys is that they have pockets in which to pack away the goods they steal. These pockets consist of a pouch each side of the face. When empty these pouches are not observable, but yet the owners can stow away an immense amount in them. It is great fun to see how much they will hold; and this is done by giving them an unlimited supply of acid drops: they immediately fill their pouches as full as ever they can cram them, and I find they can pack away about twenty acid drops in each pouch. One day several things were missing: at once I thought of the monkeys. I caught them and searched their pouches-a pretty safe find for stolen goods: in "The Hag's" pouches were a steel thimble, my own gold finger-ring, a pair of pearl sleeve-links, a farthing, a button, a shilling and a bit of sweet-stuff.

There is no trouble to catch the monkeys. I have only to open the door of their cage and say, "Cage! cage! go into your cage! quick march!" and they go in instantly, like the good beasts they really are. The parrot has caught up these words, and when the monkeys are running about often cries out, "Cage! cage! go into your cage!" but the little wretches do not care for old Poll. Luckily, the monkeys are afraid of a stuffed Australian animal that hangs in my room. When I have any specimens or bottles that I do not want the monkeys to touch, I simply-set down the "bogie" to act as a sentry, as I know the monkeys will not come near it.

My friend, Bartlett, is greatly smused with the monkeys, and he has put it about among our zoological friends that when I want to be quiet, I go into the cage myself and shut the door while the monkeys run loose.

Both monkeys come in to dessert, and get their "monkey's allowance." They will drink wine and spirits: sweetened gin and water is especially a favorite drink. Their great delight is to be near me, one sitting on my knee and the other on my shoulder. I have to keep a sharp look-out, especially on Tiny, as she is particularly fond of watching till a lump of sugar is placed in the grog. she will at once make a jump, alight close to the glass, and put her hand and arm into the glass and steal the half-melted sugar out of the grog.

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I fear that if the poor monkeys could read the characters I have given them, they would not be much pleased with me. I must, therefore, say something of their good qualities. They are both very amiable and affectionate, and there is not the least humbug about them. If they steal, it is only because it is their instinct to do so, and for the pure innate love of mischief; and nobody can blame them. They understand every word I say, but at the same time are occasionally most disobedient. Nay more, they understand my thoughts: one glance at me with their little diamond-bright eves tells them how far they may go with their teasing me; and when they see I am getting out of temper they will jump into my arms, and chatter and look "Don't be angry with us; it's only our fun!" They even know when I am thinking of catching them, and this before I have made the least sign of being about to do so; they then get out of the way in the most cunning manner, sneaking round the furniture, like a fox leaving the covert into which the hounds have just been cheered by the huntsman. At other times, they always scamper about the rooms at a "racing pace," I use the words advisedly, as in their gallop they have the exact action of a racehorse just finishing a race, only that they can pull up short in a moment, and take the most wonderful flyingleaps without changing their pace. Frequently, when they have been hunted into the passage to

be caught, and must pass me to get by, they have galloped to within a few inches of my hands, and then, taking a tremendous spring, jumped exactly on to my head, thence slid down my back, and escaped capture.

When I come home in the evening tired from a long day's work, I let out the monkeys, and give them some sweet-stuff I bring home for them. By their affectionate greeting and amusing tricks they make me forget for a while the anxieties and bothers of a very active life. They know perfectly well when I am busy, and they remain quiet and do not tease me. "The Hag" sits on the top of my head, and "looks fleas" in my hair, while Tiny tears up with her teeth a thick ball of crumpled paper, the nucleus of which she knows is a sugar-plum, one of a parcel sent by Mrs. Owen, the kind-hearted wife of my friend, Mostyn Owen, of the Dee Salmon Board, and received through the post in due form, directed, "Miss Tiny and Miss Jenny Buckland."

I must now finish the "Memoir," though, if I had time, I could go on writing for a month describing my little pets.

The dear old "Hag" has been my constant companion, living in her cage in front of the fire close to my writing desk, for nearly ten years. I am sorry to say she is now getting aged and infirm. Tiny has been "The Hag's" companion nearly five years. Mrs. Buckland feeds and tends the monkeys with the greatest care, and they are very fond indeed of her. The monkeys owe their good health entirely to Mrs. Buckland,

Although my monkeys do considerable mischief, yet I let them do it. I am amply rewarded by their funny and affectionate ways.

The reader may wonder that I like to keep my monkeys at all in my house; but I do like to keep them, and nothing whatever would induce me to part with them.

My monkeys love me, and I love my monkeys.

## The Story-Telley.

MRS. MOSES'S RESOLVE, AND HOW SHE CAME TO IT. BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

RS. MOSES MILES heaved a sigh of dreary discontent. She had been reading a story on a fragment of newspaper which the dry goods clerk at the village store had wrapped around a small parcel of brown shirting that Moses had brought home early in the evening, remarking as he tossed the bundle in her lap that he hoped she would "cut the cloth savin', for times was hard."

But times were always hard with Moses, and the caution to "cut savin" so invariably enforced by the scantiness of the pattern provided, that Mrs. Moses scarcely heeded it in this instance, but dropped the blue woollen sock she was "footing," and seized eagerly on the half sheet of

while her provident spouse, producing from his breast pocket a broken, discolored, odorous and odious clay pipe, stuffed it lingeringly and affectionately from the blackish brown contents of a paper labeled "Smoking Shorts," and, lighting it with a pine splinter fired for the purpose, sat down with a swinish grunt, and with a luxurious air of ease and satisfaction began to fill the dingy room with poisonous and sickening exhalations.

With corresponding care and tenderness of touch, Mrs. Moses smoothed out the crumpled bit of paper which the economical storekeeper had prudently utilized, and held it up to the light with a thrill of pleasure at the novelty of the situation, and the prospect of an unexpected and unusual if somewhat slender feast. For Mrs. Moses had not set eyes on a newspaper in many a day. Moses could not afford to indulge in any magical print which enveloped the coarse fabric, such extravagance as subscribing for an article so

entirely superfluous and unprofitable as a newspaper. Certainly not, most unreasonable and unsatisfied woman! A poor workingman, with a family to provide for, and times so hard! Moses waxed eloquent and indignant over a demand so clearly outrageous.

Nevertheless, with the beautiful consistency of the male animal of the Moses Miles type, he continued weekly to buy, with the utmost cheerfulness and good humor, divers ill-smelling papers, with the blackish brown contents aforesaid, bringing them tenderly home to feed the stumpy pipe carried sacredly in his breast pocket when not pressed affectionately between his lips, and sitting down benignly in the cloud of unholy incense which he nightly kindled, as though smoking his wife and children were a religious duty which the conscience in him, whatever his other delinquencies, would not suffer him to neglect. If they did not appreciate the kindly office, or sighed unreasonably for other enjoyments, it simply proved to his comprehensive mind the irrational and childish quality of their natures, and he puffed serenely

Thus it was that Mrs. Moses, in a land of intellectual plenty, seized with greedy hunger on this bit of mental rubbish which had drifted in her way, devouring it with a relish not easily conceived by those whose cultured tastes demanded finer satisfactions.

It was a story of refined and prosperous life (the opening paragraphs profanely torn off, it is true, but all the more piquant, mysterious and charming for that), with glowing pictures of home comforts and pleasures, with thrilling glimpses of lovers' pains and blisses that softened the poor woman's eyes, and quickened the blood whose currents the hard, dreary actualities of her experience had curdled at her heart; for "all mankind love a lover," says Emerson, and the sorest driven soul has a tender interest in his fate.

It was the sort of story that story-makers love to tell-smooth, easy, harmonious, a record of the romantic and tender experiences of people delicate, cultured, high-bred and surrounded by all the elegancies and refinements of wealth and taste -a kind of story that story-makers love to tell, and I do not blame them. It is infinitely more agreeable to introduce one's readers to the society of the cultivated and refined, and to abodes of ease, luxury and grace, than to take them perforce through hingeless, dilapidated gates and battered back doors into ill-ventilated kitchens with rough, uneven floors, walls with alternate patches of dirty lath and loosened plastering, without picture to catch, refresh and gladden the eye, with even the precious window view marred and broken by ugly rags stuffed in shattered panes that would have let the free, fresh air of heaven in, and with the master of the household and the hero of the tale smoking stupidly by the little, dingy, cheerless cooking-stove, on the other side of which sits the wife and heroine in slatternly dress, with the blue woollen sock sliding unheeded from her lap, while she clutches eagerly the fragment of paper that she reads by the light of a small kerosene lamp, turned low to lessen the expense of illumination, which

she is frequently assured can hardly be afforded with "times so hard."

Ah, the dreary, dreary contrast between the ideal life of the story and the bare commonplaces of her lot of poverty and toil! And yet, in her maiden dreams, she had pictured a life as fair as this, with grand, high aims, noble accomplishments, beautiful and harmonious surroundings. and with companionship as sweet, tender, gracious and ennobling as any ever babbled of in the pages of romance. Was this stolid, stupid man, with every faculty engrossed in the coarse enjoyment of a sensual and selfish pleasure, the realization of her girlish ideal? Was he even a fulfillment of the promise of his youth, and of the golden days when he blandly went a wooing? A deeper observer than a silly maiden with love-blind eyes. that saw him only in his Sunday best, with the tender smirk of the suitor on, might have discerned clearly enough the manner of man which the slow years with their bitter, disappointing experiences had revealed to her. But was she herself the embodiment of her early aspirations, the substantiation of her youthful dream of gracious and beautiful womanhood? Alas, no! Alas, no! And perhaps this was a more harrowing fact than all the rest, yet she viewed it with the misery of utter hopelessness, feeling in a dreary, impotent way that there was nothing she could do now to gain the goal she had missed. One of the multitude of women, you know, who are moulded and developed by the peculiar circumstances of their lot-who, under favorable influences, and with generous support, are capable of becoming wise, noble, active and useful members of the social body, accomplishing, in their day and generation, a vast amount of good; but who, taking just as easily the impressions of lower conditions and more ignoble surroundings, sink into mere nonentities, and drag through life with a miserable, dejected, discouraged sense of everything gone wrong, and of the utter uselessness of struggle, hope, aspiration and ambition. With existence merged absolutely in that of a make-shift men, who had no aims, desires or conceptions of duty beyond a state of simple animal wants and pleasures, it did not appear to Mrs. Moses that there was any use in striving with fate, or in trying to assert the claims of her more aspiring nature, and she had slouched along the thriftless, shiftless ways her lord had led, outwardly submissive, but with inward discontent, and sour, sullen dissatis-

It was the impression of these things which she was vaguely feeling on that evening while, with the torn newspaper still pressed closely and affectionately in both hands and the influences of the wonderful story working mysteriously on her brain, she sat silent and absorbed in the cloud of reflections that this current from the outside world had blown up, heeding nothing until Moses, with a loud yawn, stood up, knocked the ashes from his pipe and laying it with tender care upon the shelf, told her she had better go to bed, for wood was getting scarce and they couldn't afford to burn it out for nothing these hard times. Whereupon, suiting the action to the word, he flung off his coat

and vest, and loosening his suspenders as he went. turned into the little eight-by-ten room at hand, and tumbled himself down to the sleep of the soul content with its husks.

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Mrs. Moses looked after him with an expression that was not of hate, neither, most certainly, was it of love. It had not the intensity of either sentiment; it was simply and purely disgust, which the man was so happily constituted as never to see.

Then a wild light flashed into her eyes, and with the movement of a mad animal she bent her head and left the imprint of her white teeth deep on either hand. It was the action of insanity, but this harmless, unobserved exhibition brought a kind of relief to the overwrought brain, quickened and cleared the processes of thought, and revealed to her sight the desperate brink on which she stood. Should she let this wave of madness gather force and sweep her out to a sea afloat with the wrecks of shattered, misbegotten lives? Was there nothing for her but meek submission to or insane revolt from the uncongenial, unsatisfying, unrewarding and utterly hopeless routine of the way marked out by the man into whose hands she had ignorantly given the reins of her life? Would she go on to the dreary end in this slack, shiftless, slip-shod fashion, leaving to the children she had born, and to those she yet unwillingly must bear, the heritage of ignorance, incompetence and discontent, in the atmosphere of which they were born and bred?

She rose to her feet, and with head clasped tightly between her hands, looked about her with strange, vacant eyes, as though seeking despairingly a ray of light, or a loop-hole of escape. Ah, if out of the cheerless, hopeless void a shining hand would miraculously appear to lead and guide!

Overborne by the intensity of her desire, she sank on her knees, and all her soul uttered itself in a longing, passionate, wordless cry, which God, who knows the needs of souls so sorely pressed, could best understand. It had been long since the dead, sullen calms of her life had been so shaken and broken up by emotion, bringing her face to face with her own spirit in the presence of the Eternal. It is good to come to such supreme moments, by whatever wave we are borne to their sublime heights, and the simple story, which doubtless owed its power of impression, in this instance, to the peculiar circumstances of the reader, served an end, very likely, that was not in the thought of the absent-minded author, to whose ear, perhaps, so seldom comes a note from the heart-strings touched, that the words dropping off the pen seem falling aimlessly, hopelessly into a soundless abyss. It is true, the long, blank, desert stretches of ordinary life, with its round of eating, and sleeping, and petty striving, and tread-mill stepping, will catch the soul again in smothering toils, and all will go on in the same dull, dreary routine as if one had not risen for a single instant into the limitless regions of Infinity, and felt the tender, pitying, promising touch of God; nevertheless, I think such experiences are not lost, but they mark the starting point, often, doctor-oh, do something!"

of growth and progress in the spiritual life, and serve as milestones on the way by which we walk, with much faltering and wide straving, toward angeldom.

Thinking of it afterward, Mrs. Moses could never tell how long she knelt in that silent vet most eloquent prayer, in which all her needs seemed to utter themselves in speech clearer and more expressive than any her tongue had ever learned. She only recalled the sound that, louder than the voice of trumpet to her heart, brought her to a swift sense of the near and pressing duties at her hand, and hurrying, with feet that needed now no spur, to the little room where her children slept, she lifted in her arms the suffering babe, whose thick, husky cry and hard, laboring breath gave warning of the approach of a danger she had often warded off in the dead watches of nights when only the angels of affliction had witnessed her fear and trembling, and shared her lonely and devoted vigils.

The fire had died completely out in the dark, cold, unfriendly little stove, and the air of the room was damp and chilling; but with haste the aroused mother applied such simple remedies as she had tested on occasions of similar trouble, and wrapping her tiny patient up as warmly as she could, proceeded to kindle a fire which the meagre means at command would have rendered nearly a hopeless task, even had not the child's renewed and imperative cries, of themselves, cut short her

The symptoms of the little sufferer were, indeed, growing alarmingly worse every instant, and, thoroughly frightened, the poor woman, with the gasping creature huddled closely to her bosom, hurried into the adjoining room to rouse her sleeping husband.

That worthy responded to her first tremulous, scared call with a prolonged snore.

"Moses, wake up, wake up and help me de something for baby," she repeated, urging her demand with a shake of the shoulder.

"Ah-h! Oh-h! Um-me!" answered the sleeper, turning over and snoring more vociferously than before.

"Moses, do wake up! O Moses! O dear!" almost shricked the alarmed mother, every nerve shocked and strained by increasing manifestations of danger.

"Eh? What say? Which? Sary-call me? What-ah-h-what-the matter?" mumbled the sorely disturbed sleeper, turning over in his bed again.

"Moses, don't you hear? Baby has got another spell of croup, and you must get up and go for the doctor, or something," plead the woman in a voice that might have stirred the dead.

"Eh?-yes-yes!" acquiesced Moses, rousing to a drowsy sense of the situation. "Baby got croup again? Give um goose oil-goose oil, Sary. Ah-h! hum-me-Oh-h! Shouldn't have woke me so sudden. Any need of my gettin' up, is they? Don't be so scared, Sary-no use. Dear me-anything I can do?"

"Yes, yes, Moses! Get up-make a fire-get a

And so persistently and wildly importuned, the poor man, with an injured air, pulled himself reluctantly out of bed, and slowly drew on his clothes, suggesting this expedient and that for the relief of the suffocating child, whose condition was growing more critical with every breath, leisurely and with unusual care and precision strapping himself up, while he mildly remonstrated against the unreasonable fears of his nearly distracted wife.

"You ought to take things more composed, Sary," he urged, philosophically. "It don't do to get in such a flurry. Dear suz-but the child does make a dreadful ado. Did you say you wanted me to get a doctor, Sary?"

"Moses," spoke the woman, with a desperate earnestness that began at last to impress her sleepy spouse with a sense of his responsibility, "if we do not get help very soon the poor baby

will die here in my arms."

And a glance at the pinched, purpled face of the little one carrying to Moses's heart a conviction of this truth, he spurred a little his sluggish movements, and only pausing to suggest a dozen expedients for relief-so maddening when one has proven their utter futility-he stumbled out of the

house in quest of medical aid.

Left alone with her suffering charge, a strange peace stole over the spirit of Mrs. Moses. There was nothing she could do that she had not done, she thought, yet all her efforts had proved unavailing, though an easeful change, whose meaning she felt she knew too well, was creeping shadow-like upon the little victim, exhausted by her brief but terrible struggle with the disease that had sprang like a wild beast on her trusting, innocent sleep. The child's large, fixed eyes were upturned to the mother-face with a look in them strange and far away, whose meaning the motherheart could not read, but only guess, with a thrill of awe. And as if she had a presentiment that this was the last hour of conscious communion between her and the babe whose coming had not made her glad, and whom she had pitied more than loved, Mrs. Moses drew the passive little form closer to her bosom, and, looking into the wide, wondering eyes, prayed silent forgiveness of the blighted and unwelcome little soul to whom she had most unwillingly granted life, denying what she felt she had not to give, the gracious antenatal influences that make existence wholesome, strong and sweet. Would all the ages of eternity make up to the poor, defrauded one the good that she missed as her birthright? Mrs. Moses durst not think. She trusted, as we all must trust, to the wise, loving Father to make that right which we have made wrong, to make that straight which we have made crooked. Remorse could never undo the thing that was done; it might only harrow the soul and fit its soil for the seed of a better barvest.

Not thinking all this clearly, perhaps feeling it only vaguely, Mrs. Moses, sitting with her eyes fixed upon the baby's gray, pallid face, grew slowly conscious of a light like that of the rising sun streaming in upon her, yet strangely unlike any light of this world, it did not bring out more doctor had sent in to pay the accustomed offices of

vividly the barren dreariness and desolateness of the poor surroundings, but seemed rather to shine through them and make the place wide and fair with its own transcending glory. A kind of halo gathered about the head lying still and heavy against her bosom, and, as in a dream, she saw the benign, shining faces of angels hovering over her darling, felt the soft, fragrant air from their sweeping hands, as with slow, mesmeric touches, more tender than a mother's, they drew the fainting soul of the babe to their close, loving care.

How long she sat under this mysterious but tranquilizing spell she could not have told, nor would she have believed that alone and unshaken by any violent storm of grief, she had witnessed the so-called death of her child. Yet so beautiful. and calm, and ill-suited to mourning and lamentation would seem always the change that silences the earthly lives of our dear ones, could we divest it of the terrors with which we are accustomed to regard it, and meet the event, when it comes, with a serenity that would permit the blessed influences of the sacred hour to penetrate with light and healing to our souls.

The thud of heavy, hurrying feet on the steps outside dispelled the heavenly vision of Mrs. Moses, and, with a touch like a benediction on her bowed forehead, the gracious angel, holding the sleeping babe lovingly to her bosom, floated and faded slowly from sight, floated and faded, floated and faded, until, in the dreary, hopeless days that followed, she questioned, with the faithlessness of the human heart, whether it were indeed a reality or only the illusion of an excited brain.

"Well, Sary, I've fetched the doctor," said Moses, stamping in, "and I s'pose the baby's

better, ain't she?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Moses, very quietly, never turning her head.

"Yes, that's always the way," complained the worthy man, with a sense of disappointment that, after all, his cold, night errand had been in vain. 'You ought to be more considerate, Sary."

And with this mild reprimand he turned to dismiss the doctor, who was just rising from an examination of the child upon the mother's knee.

"Asleep, hey?" queried Moses, with a humorous wink and nod.

"Yes," said the doctor, gravely. "But she will never awaken, Moses."

"Oh, good gracious, doctor, she ain't dead!" burst forth the startled fellow, running forward and taking the limp, lifeless, little form up tenderly in his arms. "Poor little Bessie! poor little baby!" and all the father's heart in him-and it was a good, kindly heart in its way-broke out in passionate lament and sorrowful self-repreach. 'I can't stand it, seems to me. O Sary!" and laying the unconscious bit of clay back on the mother's lap, he walked up and down the room with groans and cries of distress quite pitiful, and in strange contrast with the stony calm of Mrs. Moses, who dropped no tear, and uttered no sound of sorrow.

"The most unfeelin' woman that ever breathed," pronounced the sympathetic sisters whom the

respect to the living and the dead. "Poor, dear Mr. Miles, though, he does take the affliction hard, and it's quite touching to hear him go on about the child who makes a sweet, pretty corpse."

The fact was, Mrs. Moses had no need of that feeble consolation so freely offered on occasions of such sort. She had no need to be told that the babe was "better off," that it had "gone where sorrow, and cryin', and wailin', and weepin' are no more." She felt all that sure enough, though she questioned, with the slow uncertainty of a soul feeling blindly after the truth, if God had voluntarily, and with fore purpose, as was said, taken her child from the life it had not learned to live, or whether her own ignorance and neglect had not untimely broken off the young bud and sent it blighted into the other world to blossom under the tender, nurturing Providence that cares even for the sparrow's fall.

It was such reflections-I might better say impressions-which, no doubt, in that solemn time, led the chastened and tried woman to a steely resolution which, for the sake of the children that remained, she bound her soul in sacred covenant

to keep.

It came out in words for the first time the lonely evening after the burial, when, with the two little girls laid to their nightly rest, she and Moses sat down, silent and sad, with a strange sense of having been touched by an Unseen Hand, of having been specially and personally signalled from the mysterious, unknown world into whose depths an atom of their life had dropped as a leaf that gives back no sound.

Yearning for solace of a familiar and substantial sort, Moses reached out his hand to take his cher-

ished pipe.

"Stop, Moses," warned his wife, staying the tion. "Don't stupefy your thought to-night—I have something to say to you."

He looked at her with a vague, troubled stare, but obeying her command as though recognizing

the authority of a superior spirit.

"Do you realize, Moses, what a miserable, shiftless, dragging, aimless life we are leading?" she questioned, with an earnestness that sent an arrow of conviction straight through the armor of sluggish insensibility in which he was intrenched like

"I'm sure, Sary," he whined, with a feeble sense of injury, "I do the best I can, Sary."

"No you don't, Moses. The honest man's soul in you knows better. The honest woman's soul in me knows better," was the unflinching response. "We are just like two shirky, shiftless old horses on a tread-mill, Moses. We are pulling back, and hanging stupidly by our necks, and complainin' of our hard lot, when a little smart, cheerful steppin' up would lessen our burden, put us ahead with our work, and set us up in our own self-respect, if nothing better. I did use to try to keep goin', and to stand right up to the post of duty, but you kept draggin' me back and draggin' me down, Moses, till I got so tired and discouraged I didn't have heart to step up any more, and I slipped back with you, and made believe I didn't care; but the hurried grinding of life went on, and

went on, and we had to pull up once in awhile, or die, as the wheels of the days turned round. But I have made up my mind, Moses, that I am not goin' to live in this slack slipshod way any longer. I have made up my mind, Moses, that if we cannot walk right up to the mark together, without any shirking and sneaking out of the honest work we have the strength to do, if we can't agree to take right hold, brave and bold, and make something out of our lives, and build up a home that is something more than a place to crawl and burrow into for protection from cold and storm, then I shall take the children, Moses, and start out alone where I shall not feel the constant drag, drag of your weight upon my harness."

"O Sary!" burst forth Moses with tears, looking piteously at the white, determined woman before him, "how can you be so cruel to say such things, and the poor little baby only just laid in the

"It is the precious baby herself that prompts me to say what I do," replied the unyielding wife, her own eyes filling with tears. "When I looked my last on the pure, sweet face of the dead child, and thought of the miserable life of sloth and ignorance to which she would have been reared, I could not find it in my heart to be anything but glad and thankful that she had escaped it all; and then I felt what a burnin' shame it is to bring children into the world under circumstances that make it a matter of thanksgivin' when they are taken out of it, and I vowed a vow that, as I lived, I would so change our habits, and mend our purposes, and stir up our pride and ambition, as to give us something more to strive for and look forward to than the mere getting from day to day of enough to satisfy our hunger, and cover our nakedness, and that the little ones left us should have some chance in the world to make their lives pleasant and useful, so they would not feel when they come to years of understandin' like wishing they had died with baby Bessie, and like cursing us for having brought them into such a miserable existence. And what I wanted to say to you tonight is this, Moses: if you are ready to take right hold with me and pull steady in the carryin' out of these new plans, we will join hands in solemn pledge to each other to do our level best; but if you mean to stick to the old ways, then, as I said, I shall take the little girls and go away, for I will not live with you and bear other children under such conditions,"

"Sary, I'm sure I'll do anything you say, Sary," responded the startled Moses, stirred and thrilled as much as his sluggish blood would permit by the earnest manner of his suddenly resolute wife.

"I'll do anything you say."

But with the still urgent clamor of appetite for the accustomed satisfaction, he reached out his hand again for the beloved pipe, wherein he thought perhaps to pledge the new purpose.

"Then you will begin by flinging that vile thing away, and promising me that you will never buy another ounce of tobacco," said Mrs. Moses, taking firm advantage of the situation, and testing at the tenderest point the man's spirit of concession.

"You-you wouldn't rob me, Sary, of all the

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red," the es of comfort I have?" gasped Moses, and in the agitation of the thought the bit of blackened clay slipped from his trembling fingers, and fell with

a dull thud unbroken on the floor.

"Put your foot on it," commanded the wife, in her new capacity of captain. And without knowing for the life of him why he did it, Moses instantly obeyed. "Now I shall have faith that you will tread the bad habit under foot as well," cried the too sanguine woman, with an absolute smile. "When you take hold of things with a real live interest and purpose, you won't think of any such 'comfort' as that, Moses. It is a 'comfort' that's stupefied your whole nature for a long time. I've thought often it was worse than whisky, for that does kill a man outright at last, but this 'comfort' of yours just goes on dulling and deadening the senses till there's nothing but a mass of selfishness and insensibility left. Now, Moses, swear to me sacredly that you will never smoke again. It will go hard with you for awhile, but I promise solemnly to help you all I can, and never to find a word of fault with anything you do while you're strugglin' to overcome the habit. Swear, Moses."

"I—I—Sary, I'd rather not," faltered the softened man, who knew the vice-like grip of the habit better than she.

"Swear, Moses," insisted the unyielding wife, as though an oath were a deed. Alas! mistaken woman.

"I—I'll try—I swear I'll try to do what you ask," compromised Moses, wiping the sweat from his face and dropping nervelessly into his chair, from which he had risen to take his obligation.

"Oh, God bless you!" breathed Mrs. Moses, and with an impulse of gratitude that quite bore her over the barrier of reserve and indifference which had grown up in their married life she kissed him on the forehead, blushing like a school-girl at the unfamiliar action, while Moses looked happily foolish.

And then they began to lay plans for the better future, and to mark out paths of honor and usefulness and to pledge themselves to honest, earnest, mutual effort to amend the present unsatisfactory condition of things; at which pleasant occupation we prefer to leave them, knowing well what interminable chapters of discouragements, disappointments, strivings and partial, though not absolute, failures—thank God!—would have to be written if the story went on; yet confident that such hours of high resolve are the golden points of life, raying out through long reaches of darkness toward the ultimate triumph that is certain to crown, at last, all sincere endeavor.

As for the story as it stands, if in the years to come it might be so distinguished as to form the fraction of a pound of waste paper, honestly bought and paid for at current rates by any economical grocer and dry goods man, and, wrapped around a parcel of calico, or a supposed indispensable package of saleratus, it should fall into the weary hands of some disheartened Mrs. Moses, sitting drearily of an evening with her smoking spouse before a low-burning kitchen-fire—I shall be satisfied.

#### SELF-DENIAL.

BY HENRY W. CLEVELAND.

UR story opens on a bright morning of the early spring, and its scene is a neat, little, New England village church.

The pews are filled by an unusually large congregation, all standing, attentive and silent. The younger of the children are held up on the backs of seats, that they, too, may see. The people who have chairs near the doors, stand up in them in order the better to look over the heads of those in the aisles.

There is a perfume of the flowers crushed under the feet of those who have now covered the space of carpet which was kept clear all the morning. There are garlands of flowers and of evergreens around the windows, while the pulpit and altar railings are one arbor of the same blending of fragrance and delicate bloom.

The gray-haired minister is praying, with his hands raised and clasped above the heads of the two who stand with their hands joined before him. On the side of the white-robed bride are maidens, also in white and flowers, while the tall, strong-limbed bridegroom, too, has an attendance of youths who are the pride of as many homes.

Bessie Clayton, the only child of that old man with grave blossoms on his brow, has just been joined in marriage to Henry May, the young watchmaker of the village; and amid the holy hush of the Sabbath morning, the father is pray-

ing that God will bless his children.

A quiet awe has bowed the heads and closed the eyes of nearly all of those curious people, and while heart after heart joins silently in the prayer which floats up on the incense of flowers to Heaven, let us steal away, that we may meet the married pair at their new home, and learn who they have loved and been loved by in turn, and what they will be in their new state of dual unity.

Bessie had long been deemed the beauty of the village, but so modestly sweet was her disposition that envy never awoke in the breasts of those less favored, and she was that rare thing, a rustic

belle with no enemies.

Henry was a warm-hearted man, fond of social enjoyments, and in the village debating society he was considered fully a match for the lawyer and the doctor. The savings of a few years well employed at his trade, had been invested in the neat little cottage, which was now the home of Bessie, and the front room of which served him for a shop and saved rent.

The Rev. Paul Clayton, as Bessie's father was styled on the minutes of the Presbytery, Brother Clayton, as he was known and loved in the village where he had been ministering for thirty years—he had furnished the house, plainly but comfortably, and the great feather beds, and the fat cow with her frisking calf, had completed the dower of his daughter.

In an old and simple child's poem, there is a little couplet which contains much true philosophy:

"'What makes the lamb love Lucy so?'
The wondering children cried;
'Why, Lucy loves the lamb, you know,'
The teacher quick replied."

And as the newly-wedded pair could have laid their hands upon their hearts and said they felt only love and kindness for all mankind; so we feel justified in saying that all who knew the twain loved them.

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They enjoyed themselves charmingly in their new home, and the minister, whose wife had died the summer before, found their cheerful abode to be so much more pleasant than the now dreary parsonage, that he moved his library into the watchmaker's cottage, and added his own little salary to the housekeeping income of his chil-

Bessie was not entirely exempt from the usual domestic annoyances of new beginners, and was once or twice mortified by the obstinate refusal of her bread to rise and be light, and sometimes troubled by her new cook-book, which contained frequent directions to put in a handful of this, an ounce of that, or a flavoring of the other; which said this, that or the other, were utterly unknown in the precincts of the village provision-store, or the little drug-shop.

But she seemed to have inherited the domestic skill of her dead mother, as well as her sunny face and mild disposition, for soon there was no more inviting table, as there certainly was no neater or more tastefully kept cottage than that of Henry and Bessie May.

She said that the seasons had ceased to change for her as it was always May, in-doors, and her rare bloom and bright eyes seemed to tell of some such stop in the wheels of time (the watchmaker's time), as brought to her only perpetual spring. Many a pretty change did she love to ring out of her new name, and when at the twilight hour, her happy soul communed with the mother beyond the stars, it must have been in the joyous and exultant communication:

"I am Queen o' the May, mother, I am Queen o' the May!"

We must pass quickly over this first spring time of wedded love and happy lovers, in which Bessie was seldom absent from her husband; for even while he peered through the microscope, and made or adjusted tiny wheels, springs and jewels with more delicate tools, she was ever by his side, and both found fingers to move faster to the music of kind words.

Only when the work of the day and the evening meal were over, was there a separation for a time; for Henry would always sit on the front porch and smoke his pipe. This was an infant's chubby hand holding a large egg, all beautifully carved, of sea-foam or meerschaum, and which was attaining a richer amber hue than even its gold-mounted mouthpiece. Bessie made many a brave effort to like the smoke which Henry enjoyed so much, but it made her eyes red, and hurt her lungs, as its blue wreaths curled around her and caused her to cough. So she had to give it up, and retreat indoors, at the time which she half-petulantly styled, "The hour of evening sacrifice."

This was the sole bear to almost perfect happiness, and her only cause of jealousy was Henry's petty bigamy, in being wedded to this habit, which was a new one—almost as new as his wife.

As we said, this season must be briefly passed over, for happiness is a light and evanescent thing, like the perfume of flowers, and may not be held to be examined and criticised.

We first saw the two at their union, under the bright, warm sunshine of the early spring. Let us leave them until the Christmas days of that year are come and gone, and then visit them again.

Ten months have passed away, and the shadow and the brightness of two great events rest upon the cottage hearth. The venerable minister, Paul Clayton, has caught upon the inner ear the "Well done, good and faithful servant," of his Master, and gone to his reward. Then a faint hope tinged Bessie's cheek with a softer blush, and grew to a certainty, then bloomed into an immortal reality, for in her lap, contrasting its white robes with her dark mourning garb, is Bessie's baby. It is fair as its mother, and named for the dead grandsire, who never saw it, Paul.

The prolonged confinement of his wife to her room was a hard trial to our watchmaker, and the hours never seemed so long as when seated at his work, with no busy companion-fingers at his side, and no music of a loved voice in the still room, where the great regulator clock beat out its perpetual count of the pulse of time. He now smoked more than ever, always filling his pipe after each meal, and often before. Even when Bessie was at last up and about the house, her step was not outek, and little Paul took much of her time, besides in his unconscious rivalry winning many a caress which used to find Henry as its object.

Smoking at his work-bench, and getting the ashes among the delicate wheels, or letting the smoke obscure the minute point which must fit in its jewelled socket exactly, was not to be thought of, and Henry was very lonely at times.

Stopping work to play with his velvet-cheeked baby was found to result in a disappointment to some farmer customer, whose great silver watch had a family reputation of regulating the sun, moon and stars; and as punctuality was business, and business was a livelihood, and the salary of the minister no longer aided them, he sighed and kept steadily to his place.

An incident gave him at length a new idea. At a meeting of the village debating society, a motion was made to complete the furniture of the room by the purchase of certain articles of colored stoneware for the convenience of those members who chewed tobacco. Henry thought that the companionship of the Virginia weed in his working hours would solve the problem as to how he could keep mind and fingers both employed; but it was not to be thought of without the consent of Bessie. After much thought on the subject, and a little envy of those brother members of his society who could sit like so many dignified cows chewing their cuds while listening to a debate, he at length asked the advice of his little wife.

Her instinctive sense of neatness and propriety recoiled from the though of the dirty compound soiling her white floors, or of meeting the sickening odor in the kisses of her husband, But when he pointed out a gilded spittoon in the village store, and promised to always wash away the smell from his teeth before he approached her. and as she saw him sit for hour after hour at the tiresome work, and look so utterly dull, while she was attending to her domestic duties in other apartments, she choked down the sob that threatened to smother her heroic resolution, and gave a seemingly cheerful consent. She had not been unmindful of the kindness in him which refused to introduce an annoyance to their home unless she gave the permission; but there was something of the self-denial of those women who retire from the world to spend a life in charity; yea, something nobler than any limitation of life to prayers and lonely cells, in this yielding to the imaginary wants of her husband, and taking the last pure kiss from his lips, which might ever mingle with an untainted breath.

As to the pleasant thing which so many loved being a narcotic intoxication and poison, neither of the two believed; and both langhed as he referred to men who had used the "poison" constantly for fifty years; and he asked if that could be very deadly which took so long a time to kill.

One morning he found a paragraph in the copy of *Life Illustrated*, which he was looking over follows: while waiting for breakfast, and read it aloud as follows:

"A FORMIDABLE UNDERTAKING.—A contemporary puts the tobacco question into the following shape: "Suppose a tobacco chever is addicted to the habit of chewing tobacco fifty years of his life, and that each day of that time he consumes two inches of solid plug; it amounts to six thousand four hundred and seventy-five feet, making nearly one mile and a quarter in length of solid tobacco, half an inch thick and two inches broad. Now what would the young beginner think if he had the whole amount stretched out before him, and were told that to chew it would be one of the exercises of his life, and also that it would tax his income to the amount of two thousand and ninety-four dollars?"

He considered it a capital hit, and even took his memoranda slate to calculate the quantity for a man of his acquaintance, known to consume nearly six inches, or a half plug, daily, of a costly brand; but while both the miles and the dollars made a frightful total, he never thought that the point of the joke might be at himself. If Bessie did, she kept her own council.

Henry May was a man of taste, and as he had paid fifty dollars for such a gem of a meerschaum pipe as had never been seen in that section before, so he selected a box gay with picture of (not too modest) Sultana's, full of little squares of finely-cut leaves, and each square of the delicate "Solace" wrapped in tinfoil that shone like silver. It was all very pretty and perfumed, but the compound made in his mouth was horribly filthy, and she could not like it. Then the dirty habit became blended with her secret thoughts of her noble husband, and full many a tear fell in secret, of which he never knew.

The expense of this new habit Henry voted too small to estimate. Bessie, however, did estimate for him, and her calculation of the year's expenditure was something like this;

The total income of her husband from his trade since the death of her father and the cessation of his salary, was not over six hundred dollars a year. With that, she was confident the following bill must be met:

Needful provisions and groceries				\$300,00
Clothing for themselves and child				80,00
Clothing for the hired girl				20,00
New tools and materials of trade,				50,00
Doctor's bill already rendered			٠	50,00
Hire of girl at \$5 per month, 12 mon	th	8	٠	60,00
20 lbs. Scarlifaletti tobacco, @ \$1 per	11	0.		20.00
21 squares of "Solace," @ 25 cents	a	da	y	
for 365 days				91.2
Repair and boiling of pipe				2,0

I	Total .									\$673.25
Ì	Or, in a cond	en	sec	l fe	rn	1:				
1	Expenditure.					0				\$673.25
1	Total income					0.				600,00
	Yearly deficier	су	or	de	ebt					\$73.25

But of this the expense of the new habit was about one-sixth of the whole, and if it had not been contracted, her little memorandum-book of expenditures might have sumed up the year as

Total income for twelve months .		\$600.00
Total expenses for twelve months		560,00
Balance to lay by for use		\$40.00

But instead of the forty dollars to lay by for such contingencies as prolonged sickness, or a dull season, or a rival in business, or a lack of work, there was a yearly deficiency of nearly double that amount, and the one hundred dollars saved during the year her father had been with them was all expended for his funeral and tombstone.

Poor Bessie! what wonder that she cried in secret? Yet, perplexed and tried as she was, there was yet a new trial in store for her.

As she did not gain strength rapidly enough to prove a healthy nurse for little Paul, the physician advised that a new one be had, and that the child be reared by hand. In conformity to this suggestion, a woman of some forty years of age, who talked much of the wonders she had done, and was highly recommended by a wealthy country family (which was not the one last served in), was forthwith engaged. Bessie found, when too late, that this paragon was as inveterate a smoker as her husband, and that her frequent "Could ye spare me a pipeful till I go to the store?" was in a fair way to double the expense. When the clay pipe was not between her teeth-for Henry enforced conformity to his own rule, and permitted no smoking indoors-she was engaged in the still more disgusting practice of dipping snuff. This, too, was strictly forbidden while engaged with the child; but during its long infant slumbers, she would replenish her old veneered box, and with a twig of some tasteless shrub, like althea, chewed soft enough for a brush, would cover it with the brown powder, and rub her teeth until the friction excited her to semi-intoxication and stupefaction. During this tobacco drunkenness, there would be filthy stains down the sides of her mouth and chin, and her perpetual voidance of the juice rendered another spittoon the only safeguard to hearths and floors. As she was the only one to be had in so small a place, and as her care of the infant and skill in preparing teas and drinks suited for baby maladies was universally praised, this, too, was borne; and Bessie wondered what she would have said if some gipsey had told her in girlhood that she would one day have two tobacco chewers to mar the neatness of her early house-

This multi-peopled earth has more cases of slow martyrdom than are ever recorded or suspected; and as nature seems to abhor a state of rest as she does a vacuum, the ills at the cottage did not stand

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If smoking or chewing ever produces even an apparent benefit, it is to those who, from either trouble or mental vacancy, wish a substitute for thought; and this it gives in its stupefying and be-

numbing influences.

The old Greeks thought that the owl, sitting without sound or motion and blinking at the day, must be thinking profoundly, and hence chose it as the type of wisdom. Even so have as foolish people supposed that the smoker, who sits, cloudenveloped, puffing like a mild lunatic of a steamengine, must be sagely meditating by the aid of the Delphic vapor. When really the owl, if dreaming of a chicken or mouse banquet at midnight, has an advantage over the smoker who does not think at all! So it is with the chewer, and the beard on the jaws grows gray with the ceaseless motion, while the brain has an excuse for a rest as stupid as the grinding is causeless.

Both forms of the habit stupefy only in a less degree than opium, and the brief excitement of the friction of the grinding teeth, or the dry nerverasping of the brain-searching smoke, end alike in the reaction ever proportioned to the action, and needing new fuel to reanimate the torpid system. When at last the "leaning walls of life" are undermined and scorched away, any disease

finds an easy victim.

Such, to the extent of his habit, was the experience of Henry May, though so slow and insidious was the dread progress that he knew it not at the time; and only Bessie, at her old post, could see how he was drifting from the landmarks of that April Sabbath, amid the prayers of the congregation and the incense of flowers.

Frequently a customer coming for a watch or a clock that should have been done at the time, found only a fragmentary pile of springs and wheels under the bell-glass, and Henry would feel that in the hour he had stopped to smoke with some friends on the tavern steps the work could have been finished. As people grumbled at this, he grew cross and surly in his answers, and it was not uncommon for a profitable job to be sent by the stage to the next town, while there was more than one hint that a new shop would do a good

Many of the smokers of the village fell into the ideas of the German who kept the tavern, and who the bar-room, with a foaming mug of lager beer to no reference to himself, and again totally fail to

taste between the whiffs, was the only way to smoke. Oysters, crackers and sardines were also convenient, and so cheap, that many a workingman did not know that his bill at the publican's bar amounted to more in the year than the income of his farm. Henry was an exception of a man in more ways than one, and when Bessie put her white arms around him and said, "Please do not drink with them !" he replied, "I never will, little darling." And he never did.

But, exception as he was in not adding one had habit to another, still the one he had did him great injury. In the village debating society, now grown into a smoking-club, he was no longer the equal of the doctor who had no bad habits, nor of the lawyer who only took his morning bitters. Before his double marriage to Bessie and the weed, he needed only to hear the question stated from the chair, and his own assignment in the discussion, when his ideas would, as by intuition, arrange themselves around it, and when he arose to his feet his logical support of the affirmative, or clear and rapid elucidation of the negative, flowed from his lips just as the words had already arranged themselves amid the busy quiet of his workbench. It was not merely a flow of language, but an earnest power of thought which gave conviction; and the compliment paid to Burke after his speech against Warren Hastings-that he had achieved the rare success, a change of settled opinions by an argument-was more than once deserved by the village watchmaker.

The little triumphs of debate, however, were now no longer his, and he thought at first that the secret of his failure must lay in the ceres and engrossments of married life. But then he remembered how vague and purposeless had been his early life compared to the settled aims of the present, and when he contrasted the many discomforts of his bachelor existence, the restless longing for the sympathy of some one who loved him, the little doubts and disquietudes of courtship-these compared with their opposites, now possessed in the calm contentment of his wellordered and ever-cheerful home-it did not seem that marriage was an adequate cause for his loss of spirits and the leaden condition of his intellect, Surely there must be inspiration in loving words and sunny smiles, and in the ownership of a beautiful child; while as for cares, there were none, save those growing out of his newly-formed

indolent ways.

Not only did Henry May find himself unable to think clearly and methodically as before, but there was a peevishness and irritability utterly new to his character. He who had been the merriest of the merry, now seldom laughed, and was as grave as any Dutch Burgomaster, who ever said, Yaw! behind his cloud of smoke, He whose wit had been the keenest, and most often sent in harmless shafts at all opponents, was now bitter and sarcastic when not stupidly abusive, and prone to resent all fun or wit directed at himself as if an intentional insult. Nay, more, he suspected attacks where none were meant, and insisted that sitting by one of his little tables in would fiercely assail some one whose remarks had see a point which demolished his own ill-taken positions. His failure to hold his old supremacy in argument made him attempt the part of petty bully and verbal tyrant; and after some rude speech of his, which had nearly provoked a personal conflict with one of his best friends, there grew upon him a kind of self-disgust, and he seldom spoke at all.

In his moody and suspicious way he fancied that there was a combination to put him down and slight him; so he often paid the small society-fine rather than go to the weekly meetings. He would have quit them entirely, but from a vague feeling that he must study some interesting question and make one more powerful effort to prove his superiority. After this last grand triumph in debate, and evidence that he could lead if he chose, then he would withdraw entirely.

But many an interesting question came up without Henry's feeling quite equal to the supreme effort which was to electrify his old friends, and so he kept his seat, and the last speech was not yet made

This altered frame of mind did not confine itself to the debating society. At his accustomed work he would find himself lost in a purposeless reverie, and some chaotic idea, vague and unreal as the silent whirling globes which haunt the indigestion of a child, would seem to circle ever near and ever far in some haze of vision, but lead to no end. Then he would find himself with work not touched and instruments idle, with his eyes fixed on vacancy and his thoughts fixed on nothing, chewing away as if for dear life, and as if life, death and the future had all merged into the ceaseless grinding of his teeth. At these times he would start as from a dream, and, seizing his instruments, hurry to work in a fever of haste to recover his lost time, that often caused greater loss of time by slips and accidents. And this would gradually die out into a slow and mechanical motion of the hands, as if there were no spirit for the task, or some new ghost of thought would come which required a suspension of work to chase its airy subtilities, which ever eluded his grasp. He was irritable, and excited by trifles. The nervousness which he had once derided as entirely the imagination or affectation of weak women, now came upon him as if to punish his unbelief; and to hear the lusty cry from the strong lungs of Paul, or his babycrow and wordless, bird-like chatter, annoyed him almost beyond endurance.

Bessie had a voice of wondrous sweetness and some power, and often when her arms were white with flour, or the tin pans rattled in their washing, or she relieved the less skillful help and ironed the robes of baby or the linen of Henry, she would burst forth into some of the grand hymns of the Protestant church, such as revive the soul and lift the heart, till Heaven seems bending to meet the utterance. These old battle hymns of the church militant were once Henry's chief delight, and often in the early married days had Bessie passed from room to room filling the air with holy music, while he from his bench caught the inspired words with sound, and the passer-by would pause to been one of her own bridesmaids, and who was

listen, and envy the happy hearts that always

Bessie sang vet: but it seemed to poor, harrassed Henry that she always began his favorite hvmn just as he had supplied his mouth with a new and peculiarly choice quid, and he must waste it or keep still.

That disgusting depth of filthiness illustrated by the witness-stand scene in Solon Shingle-the laying aside the saliva-saturated quid to be retaken to the mouth again-he was too much of a natural gentleman to ever reach.

As he could not join the song, and did not feel the glow of spirits which inspired her, it seemed a mockery of his own gloom, and all his self-respect and control was needed to prevent his resenting the cheerfulness of his wife as an intentional triumphing over his own dejection. Often he caught himself on the verge of harshly commanding her to be silent, or of rudely banishing the baby whose growing beauty and vivacity should have brightened the shop as did the snnbeams glancing through the rows of ticketed watches in its window.

Yet, if in his resolve to "love, honor and protect" his little wife he was too firm to ever utter his feelings, or be unkind in word, or tone, or action, still she saw much of this, and her womanly sympathies, attuned to his like the strings of some rare instrument, could feel what no eve could see,

Yet, if she wept, it was only in sight of God and the holy angels, and if her deep and fervent piety wrestled with the growing, impalpable evil, she still acted on the spirit of that excellent advice. "Talk to God much about your husband, and to your husband little about God." She trusted Him, not herself.

Hers was not a disposition to make an evil habit grow beyond all cure, by irritating it into proud flesh and cancerous depth; but she wrestled with the God of prayer for the love of her husband and the happiness of her home, as did Jacob of old with the angel. Such prayers, like the seed sown on the flood of the Nile, bear fruit at last, even if it be "many days hence."

We have spoken of the second species of annoyance in the form of the old smoke-preserved woman, whose age was that of physical ruin, not time. This was about to have its climax, and, as all inflammation is curative action, perhaps have its end.

Paul was now twelve months old, when he was attacked by some malady incident to his age, trifling in itself, but requiring constant care. Of course the illness made him fretful, and this sadly interfered with the peace of the woman who was wont to find time to smoke or rub snuff during his usually long and quiet slumbers. It was now hard to get him to sleep, and more difficult to keep him so.

One day his mother, having finished the usual round of her domestic duties, and finding little Paul in a more quiet sleep than he had enjoyed for some days, determined to let him repose undisand joined her, until the little cottage was flooded turbed while she paid a visit to a fair girl who had now also married and a mother. Stating the probable length of her stay to her husband, who promised to come and walk home with her, and strictly enjoining upon the nurse that the little sleeper was to be closely watched, and herself recalled if need be, she started to the home of her friend, which was in sight of her own.

But some way the lively chatter of Ella Dawson failed to interest her for the first time, and her thoughts would revert to Paul in the white-draped

At length, pleading his illness as an excuse, she hurried to his side, but was surprised to find that the woman had taken advantage of the expectedly prolonged visit, to repair to the residence of one of her bosom friends in the village, and enjoy that combined treat of scandal, tea and

smoke, so dear to both.

Henry was still at work on a clock he had promised to have done two days before; and hastily informing him of the breach of trust in the woman. she turned again to the child that still slept, Stooping to awaken it with a kiss, she detected the unmistakable odor of tobacco on its breath, and when in great alarm she lifted it, there was no motion or awakening, but it lay like a corpse in her arms, despite all efforts to restore consciousness. Her self-control was too great for any giving way to useless terror, but Henry never traversed the long street so quickly as when he hurried for the physician; nor had moments ever seemed so long to her as those in which she walked the floor with the half dead child in her arms.

The doctor soon came, and after one glance at the child, he turned to where the milk for the infant's noonday meal had been warmed over the nursery lamp, and first smelling, and then tasting it, he exclaimed: "The miserable old hag! She promised me never to do that again if I would not oppose her getting this place."

"What do you mean?" asked Bessie and Henry

in the same breath.

"Do not be alarmed, the child has too strong a constitution to die from its effects; but the nurse has blown tobacco smoke on the milk for its food, in order that the deep stupor of sleep it produces might give her the opportunity to visit and gossip. It is not so uncommon a thing with people in the far West, who are as rude and hard to kill as the bears around them; but she nearly killed Mrs. Smith's child with it, and promised me on her knees at that time never to do it again."

Henry and Bessie exchanged looks which had a meaning beyond words, but they were silent while the proper efforts were made to overcome the effects of the narcotic and restore the suspended animation. When, after a half hour of persevering effort this was accomplished, and baby Paul was again awake to know his mother's face and cry over his own unwonted feeling of stupefaction, there was time for explanation. And when Mrs. May told of the still but powerful impulse which had forced her from the side of the talkative Ella and brought her home, the man of more than one case of these inward promptings, but never understood them. If it is the 'still,

small voice of God' in the heart of the mother, or whisper of guardian angel, or be it what it may, you have cause of gratitude, for the child would not have lived until you finished the intended period of the visit."

The silent tears of Bessie were her only reply: but when a few moments later, the nurse came in and began a voluble apology for having "just run down town a minute," she stopped as her eyes rested on the white face of Henry and the stern one of the physician.

The watchmaker only pointed to the still open door, and said: "Go away before I hurt you."

She did not await a second bidding, but obeyed, and sent for her things, not caring to meet him again.

In the quiet of their chamber that night, the husband seemed ill at ease, and talked much of how detestable a thing a woman tobacco chewer and smoker was, and of his thankfulness that the vice so rare in New England was mainly confined to the uncultured women of the South and West.

The wife, with the restored babe closely folded in her arms, made a mental application of his words that had a wider amplification than to the case of the discharged woman. If her thoughts included intelligent beings who boasted of education, and were not confined to the South and far West, she did not say so,

Therefore Henry felt relieved after this discharge of his indignation, and with a sensation of having fulfilled his duty to society by a reproof which no one heard but himself and his wife, he went composedly to sleep. It was not the old refreshing and dreamless sleep, but a stupor haunted by he knew not what, unless by the demons of the weed that were the familiars of his work-bench.

Let us for awhile leave him to his habit and Bessie to her prayers.

Another year has passed since that night-the third since that spring morning which was holy with prayer, dewy with tears of witnessing friends, and perfumed by the breath of crushed flowers.

Henry May has kept the letter of his promise to "love, honor and protect," and not a harsh word has Bessie ever heard from his lips toward her. Yet the bloom and freshness has gone from her May-time, and there is something wanting-something in the house, something in the tone and manner, something in the heart, and many things in the domestic arrangements, for her estimates were right, and her husband has gone in debt.

Not much, only one hundred dollars yet, for he has had more custom than his neglect of work gave him a right to expect; but that little is enough to require retrenchments in clothing, food

These retrenchments men always object to as a matter of form, and consent to as a matter of fact.

The servant is discharged, and Bessie does the cooking, ironing and all of the work but the washing. The one cow has gone dry, and little Paul, who needs better food than his mother can give medicines looked grave and said; "I have known him, is far from fulfilling the rosy promise of his healthy babyhood.

Henry smokes and chews more than ever, as a

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relief from his own melancholy, and Bessie's song the solitary smokes on the front porch were more is hushed at last. She still prays, but not with the lonely, in that the boy shared his mother's tastes. old faith, and the most earnest part of her petition now is, "Give us this day our daily bread." Little him. Paul has learned it, too, and insists on saying, in

his imperfect way, "Dood bread."

The discharge of the nurse, and the entire care of her child assumed while she yet lacked strength for the task, had severely tried the health of the young mother; and the parting from the girl who assisted in the cooking and housework, though at her own suggestion and against Henry's wish, was too much, and her strength failed almost as rapidly as did that of Paul.

Her husband fretted much at all this, and growing skeptical of the Divine Providence which seemed to desert him, generally stayed away from church on Sabbaths; while Bessie was often kept at home from the much-prized service by her own illness or that of her little one.

Her Sabbath-school class, which she had taught from her fourteenth year until her marriage, was long since given up, and no one filled the place as she had done, although Ella Dawson tried.

Henry May-to his credit be it said-did try hard to fight down the growing idleness and mental vacancy engendered by tobacco, but without entire success, and things were rapidly growing from bad to worse, His brilliant speech which was to astonish his rivals in the debating society, had not yet been made, and was now almost given up. Indeed, he only remained a member from pride, and when he spoke, as he was obliged to in order to avoid the nominal fine, which he was now not able to pay, his eloquence generally amounted to about this: running his fingers through his curly hair, as if feeling for ideas, he would say, "Mr. Chairman, I have not had time to thoroughly investigate this question, but it seems to me that the committee have chosen one on which not much can be said. I will therefore confine myself to stating that my opinion is entirely in favor of the affirmative branch of the subject as I understand it, and I will wait to see if other speakers either throw light upon it, or take positions that should be replied to."

More frequently he sent in the true excuse-"Detained by sickness in my family."

The table comforts at May-cottage rapidly dwindled from little to less, and poorer to poorest, and by the time the autumn spread her robes of crimson, gold and brown over the forests, in this fourth year of married life, the family meal consisted of but little besides bread and salt meat, with tea, destitute of cream or sugar. Not having been able to keep the cow while dry, she had been sold, and was now giving milk and butter to a neighbor. Paul used to cry for his "Nannie cow" to give him drink, but he was now nearly three years old, and with much of his mother's patient spirit, he endured the dry bread and bitter tea as best he might. His pretty ways and infant prattle made him the darling of his father, and the shop with its lines of gold and silver watches ticking in unison in the window, and its clocks chiming out their various deviations from the true time,

and refused to remain in the air which sickened

But the little steps which brought him to his father grew weaker day by day, while Henry was fierce with anger that some special act of God or the community did not give him food for his dear ones. He tried to get nice things for them on credit, but that soon ran the debt from one to two hundred dollars, and he stopped in alarm, for it periled his cottage. At last Paul could walk no longer, and he was daily carried in his father's arms to the pallet made in the warmest corner of the work-shop, and while he did not talk much now, he was still company. Bessie also brought her work there when she could, and the busy fingers of the one, with her effort to be cheerful. while she was not really strong enough to be out of bed, together with the white, wistful face of the other who never complained, haunted the watchmaker like a nightmare and appeared to him in his dreams.

The strong spirit of the wife, and, perhaps, some aid we wot not of, kept her on her feet from day to day; while with failing custom, soured temper, and his own health none too good, Henry toiled on.

Often was he tempted to try the lager beer, which the German publican recommended as the essence of bread and the elixir of strength; but he had promised, and the faces at home arose between him and the course which led from the foaming malt to the rosy wine, from pleasant wine to fiery brandy, and thence to the mixed drinks and the ultimate unmixed whisky, rum or gin of the common drunkard. Besides, he had counted the cost of this, and while no tax for revenue, as in later days, made the price fourfold, he dared not face the yearly total which would soon have left no home for him or his.

It was his custom now-a-days to purchase his supplies of tobacco by the quantity, as the shrewd retailer had seen that with a large supply of the weed in the house, the consumption would be more reckless, and hence had advised him to do so. It is true that Henry had been startled by the amount required for such a wholesale purchase, as compared to the little daily tax of twenty-five or fifty cents; but he saw that on each pound thus purchased, that there was a per cent, saved, and thus continued to buy,

It was one bright morning in the early days of November, and the little warmth of the small fire demanded by the approaching frost and limited by his means, seemed increased by the radiant sunshine. Even Paul was more awake to the world around him than usual, and as he turned from the coarse food he could not eat, he said, beseechingly: "Mamma, won't God never give us good bread with butter and sugar on it, nor send our Nannie cow home again?"

Bessie tried to laugh and to comfort him, but made a dismal failure, and Henry made an apology

for no appetite and left the table.

He had saved twenty-five dollars to buy his would have been unbearable without him. Even usual supply of chewing and smoking tobacco,

and intended to obtain it that morning from a new and tempting stock just brought in by the village grocer and tobacconist. He had sold the cow that Paul grieved for to the husband of Ella Dawson for just that sum, when the animal was poor in flesh and not giving milk.

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The evening before the breakfast scene which we have spoken of, he had passed where Ella was milking the same cow, and as he noticed the fat sides of his whilome barnyard saint, and the milk foaming above the cedar pail, he sadly wished that she was his own again. As he thought of the spring morning when the venerable grandsire of his own little Paul drove her himself to the cottage door as a gift to Bessie, he paused involuntarily to look at the lost favorite.

Just then Ella looked up, and, seeing him, said: "Good-morning, Mr. May; I have been wanting to see you."

"Then I am glad I came by," he replied. "Is your clock out of order again?"

"No, not that. You see we have three cows now, for the first calf of this one is giving milk, and my husband told me to tell you that you could have this one back again, with her young calf, for the twenty-five dollars we paid for her."

Henry knew that the cow, improved and fat as she was, would sell for fifty dollars, and that it was almost a gift; but the offer to sell anything to him in his poverty, appeared a mockery, and he only replied gruffly: "I have no means to spend for cows nor anything else," and passed on.

That night he had thought again and again of the offer, and even of selling his fine "regulator" clock; but then that was an essential part of his trade, and how work without it?

But when on the morning thereafter he left the table with the theological question of his little by ringing in his ears, it occurred to him for the first time as a tenable proposition, that he could buy the cow with his tobacco money. With a quick step he walked to his table-drawer, and took from the leaves of his account-book the three crisp notes which constituted his entire fund. Then paused as suddenly, with the thought, "How am I to get tobacco?" The tobacconist was far too shrewd to sell on credit, for he had been tried, and to buy the cow on credit at so low a price, and with so distant a hope of paying for her, would be an outrage.

So he sadly said, "There is no way—it cannot be done," and took his hat to seek the shop and spend the money.

As he gained the street, the well-known "Nannie" was driven past to her pasture, and as he looked longingly at her, some voice said, or seemed to say: "Deny yourself, and buy her instead of the luxury."

He started as if to obey the inward monitor, but the trial was too great, and he walked twice around the square plat which the cottage was built on, in a whirl of thought quite new to him.

If he bought the cow, it might be strength and perhaps health to Bessie and Paul; but then he must deny himself his wonted indulgence for some days until more money came, and even then begin again to buy in small quantities, for twenty-five VOL. XLIII.—51.

dollars was not easily laid by. In fact, he might have to do without tobacco for some time, as the flour was low, and the next money must go for that,

Then came the startling question: "Can I give up the habit?"

He started off for a walk in the woods. The question was a serious one, and a little alarming. The habit was as old as his marriage vows, and almost as strong. It was not merely a question of will and inclination, but of possibility. Could he stop? Would it not injure his health? Was it not good for the teeth? Did not the retailer have some sort of right to his custom and support? How amuse himself at the bench, other than by the mere labor? How sit in his porch with no pipe? What would he do with the pipe itself, which now showed an exquisite depth of mahogany color when the protecting case was removed, and for which, with its new gold mounting, he had been offered, first cost, fifty dollars?

Here was a new temptation to do right, for that sum would half pay his grocer's bill. Still, the imaginary want was environed with strong ramparts of imaginary needs, and if he worked, had he not a right to some enjoyments of the results?

But, to all this, stern truth held up the duplicate mirror of his home as it had been and his home as it was now.

What were pipes, and cubes of delicious weed, and smoky reveries, and dental and narcotic intoxication, compared to that pure home of four year; ago; where there were flowers, but no spittoons; songs, laughter and tender kisses, but no smoke; and watchings of the cow as she yielded her rich milk, but no walks to the tobacco shop? Bessie had, in her laughing way, accused him of being guilty of a petty bigamy in being wedded to this habit; and now that she and her child were slowly but surely dying for want of what the pipe and the weed banished from their home and table -now that they were poorly clad from lack of what the habit cost; did he love it better than them? Was it really come to this, and the case of comfort, peace and love versus tobacco, to be tried by the angels of his nature; and would he not stop, even to save the life of his child and the health and being of his wife?

The reflection which should have come so long ago, came like a torrent, and conscience awoke from her stupor of four years armed with a lash.

We attempt in vain the task beyond the tests of the laboratory, the alembic and the crucible—the analysis of the thoughts of man. We only know and see that Henry now climbs a fence to look around as if for danger, now seats himself on a log, then jumps up as if pursued by a demon, and anon stalks through the woods as if to lose his shadow, and seeming demented—perhaps is not so far from it. In all his motions, he feels restlessly and involuntarily in his pocket, as if for some weapon for defence, or talisman against the demon, and finds not even a thread of the fetish he has worshipped so long; yet ever and again the delusion recovers power, and he feels insanely for what is not there.

It is noon. His tobacco gave out that morning,

without it for years, when moments seem so

Suddenly he paused in a rapid walk, and taking the money from his vest-pocket, counted it as carefully as if the two ten and one five-dollar bank-bills, required some intricate algebraic formula to estimate their worth. Then something of the old power of will and purpose came back to his face, for he drew himself up as to meet a foe, and said, with a smile of self-conquest: "I will do it!"

His rapid strides homeward, took him past the pasture where the cow "Nannie" fed, and her owner, Mr. Dawson, was there repairing the bars,

He stopped and said: "Good-day, Mr. Dawson: your wife was telling me that you would sell us the cow again."

"Yes, sir, and at the old price, for I think you need her more than we do."

"Could I take her now?"

"Yes, and drive her to your own lot if you will, for grass will soon be gone and your turnips will feed her all winter."

The money was instantly paid-a little to the surprise of the gentleman, who had expected to be asked for credit; and the cow, much amazed at this disturbance of her noon-day ruminations, was soon on her way to the stables she had never forgotten.

As the bell sounded merrily in the yard, our heroine lifted Paul that he might see what it was, and he nearly leaped from her arms as he shouted: O mamma, mamma! God has sent Nannie home, and papa is with her."

She carried him out into the yard that he might put his thin arms around the soft dun neck of the mild-eyed favorite, and then she asked: "Have you bought her, Henry?"

"Yes, she is yours again."

"But how will we ever pay for her?"

"She is paid for now."

"But you only had enough to pay for the tobacco that you need, and your supply is quite exhausted."

"I know all that, Bessie, but we have a cow, and I will never use tobacco again."

"Henry! you cannot do without it, for the habit is as old as our marriage."

"Yes, older than Paul, and like to be the death of him and you! I am done with it, Bessie, and forever. You know I can keep my word, and I made the promise to God before I did to you."

The strong-hearted woman who had endured the long trial so bravely, gave way now, and sinking on the barn-steps at his feet, she sobbed as she had not done since her father died. Henry sat down beside her with his arm around her waist, while his own eves overflowed from sympathy, and Paul, who thought that the impending death of the cow could alone cause such grief, sobbed in chorus. As he had never witnessed any tears of happiness before, how should he know

That day was such a perfectly happy one, and the milk taken an hour earlier than the frisking

He has had none for some hours. Can he do that the hours passed swiftly, and the gnawings of a fixed habit were little felt. Even the next morning, when the pipe was sold for fifty dollars, when the money was paid to the grocer, and flour, sugar and coffee were in the house, the excitement kept all right. But in the afternoon, when Paul was asleep, and Bessie had resumed her work and he his own, then the temptation came in power, and he would find himself feeling in the long-used pocket, or starting from his seat with a sudden consciousness of some great loss, and a vacancy in mouth and brain almost insupportable.

> The next day, after a restless and sleepless night. the trial came in a new form, and most unexpected. An old customer, and one who had been the victim of the lager-beer mania, but reformed, had long owed a bill of twelve dollars for repairs on a gold watch, broken during intoxication. This

morning he came and paid it,

Bessie was in the room, and as she beheld her husband start and his face flush, she guessed his thoughts. Was he not now in more solvent circumstances, and with subsistence in the house. with the cow in the stable, and with the grocer half paid, the draper shopman willing to wait, and money in his hands like a providential reward for what he had done, could he not have half his pleasures back, and chew, if not smoke?

As he showed the customer out, his eye met hers, and the look of power and triumph was in his face again as he returned and said: "I see you suspect what I was thinking of, but that battle of day before yesterday and since, was too hard to ever fight over again in one lifetime. I shall pay this on our shop account, and I am going to do it now."

When he came back, with that debt of ninety dollars reduced to seventy-eight, and with an orange for Paul, and as he sat at his bench and began himself to sing, with his mouth clear of encumbrance, he was quite happy, in spite of that ceaseless hunger which demanded its accustomed food, and clamored above all denial.

Paul sucked the cool, fresh juice of his orange, with many a generous offer for papa and mamma to taste, and with a sense of luxury hitherto unknown, even in his drink of milk; and Bessie tried to help sing, even if her voice did fail her at times, and she did have to pretend an examination of her work to hide tears.

Let them flow, Bessie, for they are the first of the kind since Henry May asked, "Do you love me," beneath the roses of a June long gone, and you wept as you leaned on his heart and answered, Yes."

Our hero was not the man to do things by halves, and partly because it was right, and partly to satisfy that strange stimulation of one who recovers from the torpidity of years, he began a crusade against his old vice and its victims.

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The minister who had succeeded Paul Clayton, was then conducting a revival of religion in his church, and more than one of the votaries of the tavern and the pipe were uneasily conscious that their souls were in even greater peril than their calf had expected its own supper, was such a treat, fortunes. Henry and his wife had been members

from childhood, and it was "a time of refreshing at once, and then a motion was put to make the from the presence of the Lord" to them.

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There was a long conference with the doctor. one Sabbath afternoon, following the service at the church. It was a sacramental occasion, and the hallowed rite at the same altar, and the thronged church, had reminded Henry of his former presence there as a party to a different sacrament. It seemed to him that he might do something for other homes as cursed by bad habits as his own had been, and hence his conference with the doctor.

The next Wednesday was the regular meeting of the debating society, and in accordance with the rule which required a month's notice of a proposed change in the constitution of the society, Henry May arose and read a statement that he should, at the proper time, move an amendment changing the name to that of the "Young Men's Self-Denial Association," and to amend the rules so as to exclude from membership those who used tobacco or intoxicating drinks habitually.

This he explained in a short speech, and was warmly supported by the doctor and a half dozen more who had joined their side. The reformed drinker who had paid the twelve dollars was among them.

This was the middle of November, and the excited canvass which followed in the next month, surpassed my political one which the village had ever known. But Henry acted on the maxim, "Vinegar never catches flies," and made converts by the honey of kind words and good reasons, not neglecting his work, either. Then, every woman in the village was on his side, save one.

The exception was the old nurse, who had gone to the poor-house from failure to get another place ; who insisted that the watchmaker and his wife were utterly unfit to have the care of children, and railed at fate and rubbed snuff until she died.

The much-talked-of meeting at length came, and it was decided to debate the question in the open air, so as to allow all who wished to participate. The tavern-keeper had brought his son home from college to argue the side that was money to him, and an old drinking 'squire, who had been in the State legislature, was to speak and

But the time had come for Henry to make his long postponed effort, and for an hour he held his audience under the influence of such a speech as that town had never heard before, and as Bessie had never expected from the watchmaker. The half-tipsy ex-legislator was eclipsed, and the young sophomore received little attention to his learning, which rambled from the Greek orgies of Bacchus to the anti-tobacco "counterblast" of King James.

At last the vote was put, and as member after member of the society voted yea on the whole question, and but few nay, the ladies waved their handkerchiefs and stood on the benches; and when, finally, the chairman stood up and announced: "There are forty-one yeas to thirteen nays, and the amendment is carried," there was such a cheer as awoke the echoes of the hills, and set all the dogs a-barking for a mile.

vote unanimous, and no voice dissented. Henry had now made his speech, but manifested no wish to withdraw from his friends. The imaginary "league to put him down," had gone away with the smoke.

The Christmas of that year was blessed to him in two ways.

First. A gentleman who had been in the village at the meeting, and who was the head of a great watch and jewelry house where Henry had generally bought his tools and materials, wrote to him offering a salary of two thousand dollars a year. as the head of his own workshop, and also to advance one-fourth of the amount. This made all debt vanish in air, even before the sale of the cottage for a fine price.

Second. On Christmas morning, Bessie had a little Ella in her arms, named for the kind friend who had been so true to her in adversity. Paul was prouder of it than even of his cow, that was to go with them, and could hardly eat for trying to talk of his new sister.

Henry May made a farewell speech in the society, and when he left it, and his host of friends, together with the old home, behind him, it was not the only monument there to commemorate his SELF-DENIAL.

## OUR "LAST" CHRISTMAS. A GIRL'S STORY.

BY G. DE B.

AST winter, when money was so "tight" and times so "hard" that it affected even "hearts" and "good cheer," we three girls, Lou, Nell and Susie Waters, agreed among ourselves that we would be economical and sensible, and, consequently, would have no "tree" and make no holiday presents. We knew of several families, a great deal better off than we were, who had given out among their friends that they would "neither give nor receive, this year," so we thought we might as well follow their example.

"It's nothing but an old heathenish custom, anyway," said Lou, the eldest of us three, and our walking encyclopedia. "The Romans, you know, gave presents of gold and silver fruits and coins to one another on the first day of the new year, and the old Germans used to burn the 'yule log' about that time of year, and so, when the early Christians took the twenty-fifth day of December on which to celebrate the birth of our Saviour, they adopted both customs, and in that way we get our 'gifts' and our Christmas-treenothing but an old heathenish custom !"

We all tossed our heads upon receiving this information, and congratulated ourselves upon being sensible and civilized sufficiently to put away these old-time Roman and Saxon observances.

We missed the pleasant little secret preparations, however, which had always given a certain air of excitement to the few weeks previous to our holidays: the whisking in closets of some half-finished little gift whenever the recipient-elect made her Five of the thirteen withdrew from the society appearance, the little, bright tag ends of ribbon, and velvet, and sephyr, that used to make our dingy sitting-room carpet look almost like a Turkish rug, with its bright patches of color scattered here and there; indeed the whole house had a very different sort of flavor about it; and in our secret hearts I believe we all felt a sad regret over our decision not to make each other any present,

"What shall we do to-morrow, girls?" cried Nell, as we sat talking together after our return from the church, where we had been helping festoon the holly and evergreens for the morrow's

services.

"'Do!"" Why 'do' as we always have done, of course !" replied Lou, a little sharply. "Go to church in the morning, come home to turkey and cranberry sauce, and then sit at the parlor window

the rest of the day."

"And see the children's bright, happy faces as they troop by, going to 'grandma's;' little girls with new dollies, and boys with drums and horns," and I almost sighed as I thought there would be real giving Christmases in some houses if there wasn't in ours.

"Bah! Those terrible horns!" said Lou, with a shudder. "I don't see why they are not prohibited! They no doubt are a relic of barbarous ages also. Why can't people be civilized and sensible in their observances of the day?"

"But that is such a little thing, Lou," spoke up Nell; "and it seems to give the rogues such exquisite pleasure to blow them. For my part, I like to hear them; they seem to say over and over again, 'Merry Christmas is come; let all the world rejoice!""

"Yes," said I, chiming in with Nell; "they're like the trumpet in the organ, when our organist accompanies the choir in the Christmas carol. 'Peace on earth and good-will toward men!'

What does 'good-will' mean, Lou?"

"What a question!" replied Lou, coloring a lit-tle as she explained. "As if you didn't know it meant the feeling of kind-heartedness, charity and generosity toward one another!"

"Generosity. Then it must mean 'giving,' Lou," said I, with a curious sort of smile.

"And the old Romans were right after all, then!" cried Nell, a little timidly, however, as though she felt she was uttering heresy.

"Pshaw!" said Lou, in a cross sort of voice; "I believe both of you girls are Pagans at heart, you harp so continually upon heathenish customs. I actually think Gussie would like to have an idol. I have seen her fairly bow down before that statue

in Mr. Harrison's gallery."
"Why, Lou Waters! How hateful you talk. To be sure I do worship the beautiful-but an idol! Who ever heard of such an accusation in the nineteenth century!" and now I was cross.

"See here, girls, where did the custom of decorating churches with greens originate? Do you know, Lou?" and Nell, who was always our peacemaker, and usually threw oil upon our troubled waters, asked this question, knowing Lou would prefer answering it to continuing our little squabble.

"I don't recollect exactly the date of the first introduction of decorating churches, but I dare let it be ever so trifling; but let it be a gift

say it is a continuation of the old custom of the Druids, who strewed their altars with holly and misletoe during the performance of religious rites, They regarded the misletoe as an especial gift of Heaven, and thought it contained some divine virtue. The Romans and Greeks also decked and ornamented their temples, you remember, and-"

"And so," interrupted I, hotly, "it was just a set of good old heathens who have set our good old fashions-for it is a good custom, that of giving presents; and a beautiful one, that of the Christmas tree; and a holy, rightful one, that of adorning the church in commemoration of the blessed

day!"

Lou was silent, and Nell sat meditating over my bold words, and it was still and quiet so long in our little sitting-room, that mother opened her bed-room door at length and peeped in.

"What is the matter, girls?" said she. "I was afraid I heard you disputing a while ago, and now this strange silence seems quite as alarming. Where are your merry Christmas Eve voices? I don't hear the pleasant tongues and cheery laughs as usual on such a night!"

We all looked at one another. It was true. We had spent the most unhappy, disagreeable Christmas Eve together that we had ever spent in all our lives. Ah, there was the lack of "peace and good-will" toward one another; and, heathenish though it be, the merry Christmas cheer is the little leaven that lightens the whole world's heart on once a year!

We looked at one another, and then we smiled, and as the old clock struck "twelve," three hearty, merry, ringing laughs burst out on the air like the

glad bells of Christmas morning.

"Don't let's be sensible and civilized any longer, girls," cried I. "It's a great deal nicer to be heathens once in a year, and give gifts; and after this let's have a tree, if it's only a pine branch, and hang up our stockings if they're only holes!" and then we all shook hands on my proposition, and each stole mysteriously off to her room to fashion some little present for mother on the morrow, for it was too late now to make or buy each other anything.

Next morning, when we all came rushing down to breakfast, the room rang with our merry Christmas greetings, and each girl's face was radiant with love as she handed to mother her little

offering.

"They are out of our hearts, not our pockets, mother," said Lou, as she gave her her gift; it was all she had, a little bouquet off her plants, some geranium leaves and a rose-bud.

Nell then came forward with a plate and a napkin, which contained her gift-a prettily iced cake, which she had set up half the night to

And mine? Of course they all knew what mine would be. I will copy it here, saying first, by way of preface, girls, if any of you have made up your minds, on account of the "hard times," to be "sensible" this year, don't-not in the way we were, I mean-give something to each one of your beloveds who have been accustomed to receive,

prompted by true feeling, for, after all, it is the scatiment which makes the gift rare and prized!

And now here is my gift, which was out of my head, as well as my heart!

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Though it be a Roman rite, Let's be heathens for to-night, And unto each loved and dear Something give for the new year.

If our rude forefathers old, In the winter's cheerless cold, Burnt the yule, right merrily, Why should we not burn the "tree?"

Oh, deep down in my heart, There is surely a sweet part Which holds sacred rites like these, Romanesque or Germaneze!

Let the blessed Christmas time Send its joyous, merry chime Into every house and land! Let the word be a command.

"Peace on earth, to man good-will, Let each one the law fulfil, Then the blessed Christ-child's day Shall be holy kept alway!

## AUNT MARTHA'S STOCKINGS.

BY M. O. J.

"Ladies" white cotton stockings, please; best quality, No. 10," said Aunt Martha to the clerk, as we stood at the counter, shopping-bag and memoranda in hand.

"Why, auntie," I said, in a low tone, while he was looking among the boxes on the shelves, "have you not made a mistake? You did not mean ten, surely? I know you can wear two sizes less."

Auntie smiled. "Yes, I did; I'll tell you why presently;" and she bought half a dozen pairs, and turned to look for other things.

"I always buy stockings longer than I absolutely require," she said, when we had left the store, "for two reasons. It saves very much in time and mending. I do not dislike darning, but you know it is my rule never to do needless work. I count that only waste of time. I can wear my stockings till the heels are utterly worn out, with very little mending of the toes. And these long stockings cut over so well. That is my second and more important reason."

"Why, auntie, I never knew you wear a pair cut over!"

Aunt Marth smiled, and answered in a tone of decided pleasure: "I can do better with them than wear them myself. And, in fact, I do not often make them over, as I dislike doing it. But there are plenty of poor, deserving women who are willing and glad to do it, especially the mothers of little children. And as I always buy good, heavy cotton, they tell me these, when made over, are much better than any they could afford to buy. My washwoman said last week, when I gave her my old ones, that she and her two little girls had been for several months quite supplied with stockings by those I had given her. It was a little thing for me, you see; it was thought for her, rather than expense."

"O auntie, I understand now. I don't mean only this one thing, but you have given me the key to a good many little ways you have. I've wondered sometimes that you can carry so much help and comfort wherever you go, when—"

"When I have to count my pennies," finished auntie, pleasantly. "The key is old, dear, but golden—'Love thy neighbor as thyself."

### MRS. HARDING'S EXTRAVAGANCE.

BY J. E. M'C.

Pastor of a Baptist church in New England, where the salary of five hundred dollars was doled out for his support. There were three growing school-boys to be fed, clothed and educated on this sum, and there would seem to be but little margin left for extravagance. But by and by it began to be whispered by that sharp-sighted sister who always felt a deep interest in "other people's windows," that the minister's wife was awfully extravagant.

"What do you think of her giving each of those boys five summer suits, so that they can go to school spick and span clean every morning! I know it for a certainty, for they pass my house every morning, and their linen jackets are just fresh from the ironing-table. Now I can't afford such extravagance, and I am sure this parish ain't able to encourage it in a minister's family."

We all know how easy it is to start a snow-ball in damp snow, and how it gathers as it rolls. Just so it is when a person takes up a report against a neighbor, especially if that neighbor happens to be a minister.

Finally matters were so stirred up that a committee waited upon the parson's folks to reason with the erring sister. They went away rather crestfallen when the fact came out that the devoted mother washed her boys' jackets every evening after they came home from school, and ironed them before they were up in the morning, so they might look neat and tidy on one suit apiece.

DARENTAL LOVE.-No love is so true and tender as the love our parents give us, and for none are we so ungrateful. We take it as a matter of course-as something we deserve. Especially may our mothers toil and deny themselves, think all night and labor all day, without receiving any thanks whatever. From the day when she walks all night with us while we cry, to the day when she helps to make our wedding dress and gives us those cherished pearls which she wore in her girlhood, we do not half recognize her love for us. Never until we are parents ourselves do we quite comprehend. Yet, is there anything like it? The lover may desert us for some brighter beauty; the husband grow indifferent when we have been his a little while; the friend be only a summer friend, and fly when riches vanish, or when we are too sad to amuse; but our parents love us best in our sorrow, and hold us dearer for any change or disfigurement. There isn't much of Heaven here on earth, but what there is of it is chiefly given in a parent's love.

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### THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

THIRD SERIES .- No. 12.

FRIEND has just been renovating her husband's best suit of clothes, faded black, and really they look so new that the neighbors all think the wagon-maker has been getting a new

I don't know what is the reason, but if anybody does a job like this-succeeds in making something new out of something old-they are very careful to keep it to themselves. They act as though it was a disgrace. I said to a mother lately: "What a beautiful sacque your daughter has now; the style is very becoming, and the cloth

is so rich and heavy."

She eyed me sharply, in a quizzing, questioning way, and then I presume she thought she could trust me with the all-important secret, and she put her open hand up beside her mouth, and looking around to make sure that no one heard her, she said: "Mary Jane made that sacque all with her own hands; and it's contrived out of that old one she's been wearing-well-going on four year; but you must never, never, never tell it. Oh, she'd be as mad as a hoe if she knowed I'd told on her! You see she sponged it and dyed it, and managed by hook and by crook to get the new garment out of it; and she did, what with a right smart bit of gimp braid, and fringe, and a bow, and the kind of fixings that are the fashion now. Yes-yes!" said the old lady, catching her breath and folding her poor old hands crosswise in her lap, and looking as though she thought to be the mother of that wonderful Mary Jane crowned her blessed among women.

The sacque was an admirable job; it was very pretty, and gotten up in excellent taste; only I found one objection. Mary Jane should have gone out with the good tidings in her mouth, and told all the girls of her acquaintance, and if they had not ingenuity equal to the task, she should have shown them how to work their old-fashioned garments over into new ones. I have no degree of patience with such selfishness. I cannot see how a woman can be so mean and unloving as to shut within her own heart any knowledge that can possibly benefit another. Some women even refuse patterns, or advice, or suggestions, and think they are doing right. I don't mean dressmakers now, because it is proper that they should be recompensed for their services, or patterns, or assistance.

I didn't promise Mary Jane's mother that I would never tell, for I meant to tell it the first opportunity I had; and I wish I could tell so much about the new sacque that other girls would know how to make new ones out of the old, uncouth-looking ones that they may chance to have

side out; in that case it is a great advantage in the making over.

But I started out to tell you how the young wagon-maker's wife made her husband's old rusty suit of black look quite like new. I wrote down her formula. Boil three ounces of logwood in a quart of vinegar, and when the strength is out of the logwood, drop in a piece of the carbonate of iron about the size of a common hickory nut; let it boil five minutes. Have the garments that are to be restored well sponged with soap and hot water; lay them on a table, and brush the nap down with a sponge. Then take the dye upon the table and sponge them all over with it, taking care to keep them smooth, and brushing downward all the time. When they are completely wet with the dye, dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in about a teacupful of warm water, and sponge them again with this; this sets the color so completely that the black will never rub off. They must not be wrung any nor wrinkled during the process, but carefully hung up to drain.

Quite dingy and brownish cloth may be made a perfect black in this simple manner. There are faded or dingy coats in nearly every family that may be restored by this means. I have seen Ida when renovating a worn coat make it appear like a new one by putting new braid on the edges and

new velvet on the collar.

In the fall my brother Rube was called away from home in a hurry, and he borrowed the first coat he laid his hands on. When he went to feel in the pockets, behold there were no pockets there. The owner said: "It is an old thing: I've had it ever since I was a boy, and am going to throw it aside before another winter." I looked at the coat; it had been valuable once, had cost the boy a good deal of money, and the heavy black cloth was just as good as ever, not a hole in it, nor a rent nor a stain on it.

I said never a word about it, but as soon as I could get the coat unobserved, sent it to the kind tailor, with a note, asking him to repair it with good material, and make a good job of it. He relined it, made new pockets, put on new braid, new velvet collar, new buttons, did the work well and honorably, and, though it took him two days to do it, his charges for all were less than six dollars. The coat is quite as good as new now, and an item of expense was saved. This was better than for any poor woman to have undertaken the work; it was too heavy for a woman's hands.

I tell this in case somebody's grown sons have good old coats that need renovating, and the boys won't know that the tailor can make them almost as good as new. A good overcoat costs so much that a poor boy cannot afford one more than once or twice in his lifetime. Boys should be careful and not burn, or tear, or stain such a garment.

The season for buckwheat cakes is coming again, Sometimes cloth will bear turning the other and we give our recipe for the benefit of those

who use Graham flour. Take two-thirds buckwheat flour and one-third unbolted, and mix up with lukewarm water, in which you have put a teacupful of good yeast and a pinch of salt. They are very nice, and we think they are more wholesome than when made of buckwheat alone. If your yeast is good and fresh, the batter will rise in three or four hours; let it stand in a moderately warm place, if too warm it will rise too fast, and sour, and bubbles will come on the top. In mixing up the batter for cakes try and get it about the right consistency; if too thin they will be soft and hard to bake, if too stiff the cakes will be spongy, and choky, and seem like eating dried apples. Do not use soda to make them light, but if you are obliged to do it one time, and have batter left, throw it out instead of adding more to it. It is unwholesome.

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Any woman can make a waterproof cloak, but not every woman can make waterproof cloth, as I saw one doing the other day,

The girls and I were out gathering green things in the woods and fields preparatory to the making of our usual winter window-garden, and I ran into Mr. Hamilton's house to sharpen a stick to thrust under the roots of plants, when what should I see but his wife, with her sleeves rolled up and a wide apron on, stepping about very gingerly, making her children's brown and white linsey circulars waterproof. I had heard of such things, but never inquired how it was done.

She said she took a pailful of soft water and put half a pound of sugar of lead and half a pound of alum in it, dissolved them and kept stirring it occasionally for an hour. When it became clear, she poured it gently into another pail, and put the garments in it and let them remain for twenty-four hours, then hung them up without wringing, and let them drain and dry.

She said her children had so far to go to school, and frequently they came home with their circulars wet through,

Mrs. Hamilton's girl had just baked a pan of cookies, and, as I was going out of the door, she said: "Miss Potts, I've eaten cookies of your making, and of nearly every woman's in the neighborhood, and-begging your pardon-there's a secret that not one of you has found out yet. My mother told me to be careful always when I made 'em and not make the paste too stiff and You know, sometimes, women make the dough so that it will hardly roll out at all. That's the reason their cookies are so dry, even the very day after they are baked. You take some home, enough for the deacon, and the girls, and granny, and yourself, and try 'em at tea and see how you like 'em."

While she was rolling up a paperful I told her not to put any in for granny, because she was visiting at uncle's now.

Well, at supper, we tried Manda's cookies, and they were excellent-light, and tender, and moist. I asked her to write out the recipe for me and let other folks see how nice they were. One cup and of sour milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda. ton filling will be a dark copperas.

Stir all up together, and mix with just flour enough that the paste can be handled and moulded. Roll thin and bake light, but quickly.

This same woman who makes her own waterproof cloaks, had a contrivance in her kitchen that I thought was the very perfection of ingenuity. She said they had never lived very near to a hardware store, and she had always wanted a steamer. and at last she set her wits to work and made one herself. She took an old tin plate, cut the rim off, punched holes in it with a hammer and nail, and fitted it into one of her kettles, letting it rest on the kettle where it rests on the stove. It made a very good substitute.

Whenever she wants to steam a pudding, she sets it on that tin plate and puts water in the bottom of the kettle, and it answers the purpose of a first-class steamer.

She says she hulls corn in it, and has no fear of the corn cooking fast, as she did in hulling it the

Any woman can manufacture her own steamer, now, if she wants to do it.

I sent a note to an old acquaintance lately and enclosed a stamp, with the request that she would reply to the questions I had asked her about some carpet chain. I was in a hurry, and the girls were in a greater one, because I had told them they might make that web to suit themselves. I waited two weeks and received no reply, and then I called on the woman in person.

You never would imagine what her excuse was, Why, the stationery had to be locked up away from the children and the key was in her husband's pocket and he was away from home! Oh, I thought if these little children could not be trusted now, and would not obey their parents, what terrible results must be awaiting this poor family in the future! Ruled by their little ones now, and held in restraint so great that they must resort to lock and key!

I said to the mother, give your children paper and pencils, and encourage them to use them; let them make pictures and let them copy the alphabet, and soon they will make letters and learn to read writing. Slates are cheap; buy each a slate and tie a pencil to it by a string, and use one yourself with them by way of encouragement, and they will be delighted.

I have talked carpet a great deal in the "Windows" and the "Household," or I would tell you all about the web we are making. For fear some of you are busy at such work and need a suggestion. I will tell you a little about ours. It will be five-quarters wide, and very honest, that means there will be no colors put into it for show-something flashy, that will not bear acquaintance, like cotton rags colored bright green, and blue, and yellow, and red. We have been saving old woollen things for some time, white and colored.

I intend to do every bit of the dyeing myself, and I don't care how ugly my hands look, so I get a fast color.. Some very feeble old blankets will be dyed madder red, and a bright, cheerful a half of sugar, one cup of melted butter, one cup | brown, and green, and purple. Some of the cotWe talked old times last night as Sissy sat in her little rocking-chair tearing into narrow strips the outside of the first comfortable my mother ever made. It was dark blue, and made out of a flannel dress that I could just remember seeing her wear. I have no doubt but the flannel was made forty-five years ago. It was a beautiful deep blue, and the color is honest, never faded at all. Then there was an old quilt just like it; she ripped it to pieces, and will have a nice rare stripe of deep blue all through the carpet. I said I did not know what color would contrast prettily beside it, but Ida says for a dark carpet brown must go beside the blue.

I said to her last night: "How strange this is, Ida; here you sit working with what was once my mother's dress—one that she wore when I was little enough to sit on her lap—flannel that she dyed herself, and it required more hard labor then to make a dress than it does to earn a half dozen now."

How distinctly I remember when that comfortable was made, and the day that blue quilt was quilted. Only a few women were at the quilting; it was a cold November day, and the frames were moved close up to the little fireplace upstairs. The woman who "laid out" the work, I thought, felt very important with her saucer of flour and the woollen string that she rolled in the flour occasionally. My mother was down-stairs in the kitchen getting a good supper; "the best the house afforded," she said to the hungry women. The pattern that the wise woman planned was called very beautiful, and the neighbors all came to see it and offer their congratulations.

Ida asked if my mother resembled any one she had ever seen.

I said: "No; but our father says I resemble her more and more every day, only that her cheeks were always rosy, and mine never were; that her eyes had a sparkle in them, and mine never sparkled; that her hair was the brown of a ripe chestnut, and mine dark and lustreless."

And there we sat talking of these things of the long ago past, and father forgot the open page on his knees, and looked up listening, and Lily let the pen lie in her fingers, and her thought followed the mournful, low-spoken conversation that flowed like a little quiet rill.

When our thoughts turned to something else, in which the others joined, I saw Ida's sad blue eyes resting mournfully on the picture of the Madonna. She cannot remember quite the face of her mother, and we had no picture of her, but it is a confort to us to know of one picture that our little mother strikingly resembled, and we keep that in memory of her—the sad-faced, mournful Madonna.

I said to a lady who was visiting here: "Tell me what pictures you have at home. I would like to know."

"Well," said she, "we have a picture of 'The Day of Judgment,' a wonderful picture. Oh, you could look at it all day, and still find something new! There's a picture of the great Judge on the throne, and the heads rising above heads, crowds and crowds awaiting the judgment."

Oh, I felt my blood curdle as she described that terrible conception!

"And then we have 'The Angelic Host,' that is another wonderful picture; and 'The Empty Sleeve,' and 'A Winter Scene,' and the picture that hangs in our parlor back of the piano is 'Peale's Court of Death,' in which is represented, by human beings, intemperance, consumption, disease, murder, decrepit old age, famine, fever, pestilence, delirium tremens, destruction; and some of the faces are perfectly demoniac."

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The poor woman! she thought they had a good collection of pictures, while I thought that same dreadful collection of pictures accounted for her sallow face and the scared expression of her eyes. Not one beautiful sunny landscape among them all-nothing to make her glad, and cheerful, and enthusiastic, and nature-loving, and worshipping. on her walls. All were tragic and terrible, if not frightful. How much better to have had Lake George, or a wild bit of Switzer scenery, or a glorious hint of brook, and hill, and rock, and valley, and serene sky, and perhaps mountains, hazy and blue in the distance. Or a summer scene-craggy hillsides covered with pines; a limpid pool reflecting a picture like a mirror. flags, and lilies, and rank grasses bordering its sedgy banks; a bit of tumble-down fence, with the wild vines and ivies running riotous over the mossy rails. Oh, anything, anything but insinuations of death in all its rigid terrors!

For the sake of our children, we should be wary of the pictures that come to our homes. How many of us older ones had no pictures in our childhood to look upon except the old man and the rude boy, the oxen goring each other, the maid who spilled her milk, the cat in the meal tub, the bear and the two friends, the fox and the flies, and on Sundays we were treated to the pleasure of looking at Fox's Book of Martyrs. What a horrible treat that was! How we forgot and gouged our indignation into the ugly eyes of the cruel old priests! How we looked and looked at the poor men hanged, and tortured, and fired, until the deep wrinkles made our brows look shrewish, and our white lips parted away from our teeth in very agony and anguish of soul. Sometimes it seemed that the groans of the tortured reached our ears, and we inwardly cursed the brutish natures that called for such cruel punishment and death. For the sake of the children, then, hang up beautiful pictures upon the walls of their homes.

It was late when we went to bed last night, the girls and I. Our visits are never over before eleven o'clock, but it must have been an hour later than that before we were in bed, and even then we talked on and on after we had said "goodnight" three or four times 'spiece.

Father sleeps up-stairs, and he says he hears us sometimes making as much ado as three old Irishmen would who had just met after years of absence. He says it requires but very little stretch of the imagination to think he hears the unmistakable Irish brogue in, "Faith, an' is that you, Pathrick?"

"Bless me sowl, an' if there isn't ould Micky, me jewel!"

"Ah, Teddy, me darlint, come right 'long wid

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Home conversation; that was what we were all chatting about so long last night; we arraigned ourselves; we tried ourselves; and we were obliged to plead guilty. I want to tell you what we talked. This is my last page, and I must clip my sentences short. We are all tempted to talk of people and things, petty details that are the merest chaff consume our time and thoughts, and before we know it our minds are becoming narrowed down. There is nothing in the world so belittleing as so much twaddling conversation. Time is wasted that we might have spent profitably in good reading and good thinking. We must reform our conversation. We must not dwell so much on trifling things. We must not forget and let ill-nature and bitterness come creeping upon us this way. We must cultivate that sweet charity that thinketh no evil; we must despise gossip and the little tattle that is ever affoat in neighborhoods. and we must not believe one-tenth of the garbled reports that come to us. Don't people magnify little things that you do yourself-you know they do; well, believe the same concerning others, and never repeat a bit of gossip you hear; you wrong the person concerned when you do so, you benefit not the one who listens to you and you are all the while humiliating and belittleing yourself and your better nature. If you do not believe me, just

stand guard one day and make note of what you hear and what you say; write it down and read it at night before you commend yourself into the special keeping of the Father. See if you are not ashamed to ask Him to watch over and care for

Every woman should cultivate a nice sense of honor. Keep that which is a sacred trust. Say something good for every one. Arraign yourself frequently, and try and learn what the weak points are that need vigilant care. The world is full of sin, but it is full of hope, and joy, and triumph. Woman's sphere grows broader; the responsibilities are heavy and they crowd upon her; she should seek to be pure in thought, and word, and deed. No conversation of hers should be vapid, or trifling, or frivolous. She should seek to get up higher into purer altitudes. This includes all women, no matter how lowly their condition-how humble the toil, or drudgery, or work of their hands. Some of us will never meet againwe who have looked upon the same page and read the same lines. Well, may the blessing of a grateful woman go with you evermore. I love you all; I would have done you good; remember me kindly and as lovingly as you can, and I kiss you goodbye with these words of hope and cheer:

> Over our hearts and into our lives Shadows will sometimes fall; But the sunshine is never wholly dead, And heaven is shadowless overhead, And God is over all.

# Religious Rending.

SELF-CONDEMNATION.

ATAN often appears like an angel of light, and unless we scrutinize him closely, we are led by him into much evil.

Perhaps he has no subtler means of influencing us than by bringing us into states of self-condemnation, for certainly it seems at the first thought that this is humility. We want to put away our evils, theoretically: we want to be unselfish, provided we can without effort, and we really want to seem so; those around us are striving to walk in the heavenly way, we want to go too, but our heavenly way is very thorny, very hard, requiring patient, untiring effort, and steady plodding. We look at it; it is too much trouble, but we are ashamed that others should be working while we stand idle; we make a little effort, perhaps quite an earnest one for a time, but the way is hard, and we are tired. Still, we cannot have these dear friends around us striving to make us happy day by day, while we settle back into self-indulgence. We begin to feel gloomy over it, and this seems to open a way for us to satisfy ourselves and others that we want to do what is right. We sit down and weep, and pour into the ears of our dearest friend the pitiful story of our woes; we are wicked, so wicked that we are discouraged; we have done this wrong thing, and neglected that duty, and we

we have tried and we have prayed, and we don't believe any one can love us, and we are going to destruction. Our sympathiser consoles us, soothes our grief, speaks of some of our good qualities, and we permit ourselves to be comforted.

The next time it is easier; we make an effort weaker than before, are overwhelmed, weep and are soothed. Gradually our "sensitiveness" becomes the greatest care of the household, and a source of discomfort to all our friends. They must be careful, they say, how they treat us, we are so sensitive and conscientious that we blame ourselves for everything. And so, for fear of this, all mentally hold their breath when with us, lest they should unintentionally wound our feelings. We have obtained two results from indulgence in this luxury: one is a habit on the part of others of sacrificing themselves unknown to us, by refraining from expressing many a want, for fear of our selfblame that we did not anticipate it. The other, that our real virtues have become so diluted with our tears, that they are fast being resolved into their original "atoms." Satan must feel sure of his victim, for he has succeeded in immersing us in the deep waters of the love of self, while he so deadens our senses that we believe we are walking in the atmosphere of the love of the right.

this wrong thing, and neglected that duty, and we couldn't help it. We never shall be any better, fied that we want to grow in spiritual goodness

while in reality it is only an excuse for spiritual laziness. We have found an easier path to Heaven than by the old-fashioned way of effort. We have substituted tears for active repentance. Idle repinings against the nature which God has given us, are better to us than the wealth of His strength, which we have only to use to make it our own. The luxury of grumbling instead of using our abilities; the luxury of making every one wretched by our complaints against ourselves, rather than a life of loving effort toward their happiness; are these the choice of the straight and narrow way?

But is there no such state as honest discouragement? Do we never come into real despair when we feel that we have honestly, and to our utmost, tried, and have failed? Yes, but In this our intellect remains unclouded. Instead of saying, "I am wicked, I cannot succeed," we say, "I feel so wicked, although I know it is wrong, but I cannot make myself feel just now that I shall ever be any better. I know that it is an evil state, and I want help to lift me out of it." This is the difference between the two, and we may be sure that a willingness to believe ourselves on the way to ruin, and indulgence in grief on account of it, is merely an indulgence in indolence; while an honest despair will always force the intellect to hold itself clear, as we say, "Help me to feel what I know to be true, that this state is a selfish one."-N. J. Messenger.

## MY VOICE SHALT THOU HEAR IN THE MORNING.

BY GEORGE MATHESON.

Y voice shalt Thou hear this morning,
For the shades have passed away,
And out from the dark, like a joyous lark,
My heart soars up with the day;
And its burden all is blessing,
And its accents all are song;
For Thou hast refreshed its slumbers,
And Thy strength hath made it strong.

My voice shalt Thou hear this morning,
For the day is all unknown;
And I am afraid without Thine aid
To travel its hours alone.
Give me Thy light to lead me,
Give me Thy hand to guide,
Give me Thy living presence
To journey side by side.

Star of eternal morning,
Sun that can ne'er decline,
Day that is bright with unfading light,
Ever above me shine.
For the night shall all be noontide,
And the clouds shall vanish far,
When my path of life is gilded
By the Bright and Morning Star.

Sunday Magazine.

THE utmost we can hope for in this world is contentment; if we aim at anything higher, we shall meet with nothing but grief and disappointment.

A man should direct all his studies and endeavors at making himself easy now and hereafter.

A SACRAMENTAL LIFE.

O this in remembrance of Me." How many times have these words of the Master echoed along the ages; with the associations of how many hallowed hours do they mingle in the memories of the saints. How many death-beds made brighter by His death do they call up; how many penitent hearts have found rest in their sweet sound! The scene which they recall is familiar to all Bible readers, and to those who have seen it reproduced in copies of the great Italian painters, and the half pity for the human sufferings of our Saviour which it suggests, is one of the memorial influences for good which the ordinances founded upon them exerts.

But I think there is here, as in so many other places in Scripture, an underlying sense of practical application to the needs of every-day life,

There is much work being done for the causes of religion and benevolence, vast aggregates of statistics can be compiled of the receipts and disbursements of our multitudinous societies and associations, and the hundreds of thousands of men and women who are engaged in the work. But apply the test of these sacramental words to it all and how it shrivels. How many of those who drop their mites or their millions into contribution plates, or write their names at the heads of subscription lists, do it in the loving remembrance of what Christ has given for them, what sacrifices were necessary on His part before their names could be written with His blood upon the pages of His book of life! How many of our popular preachers and lecturers have as their sole object, not the "loaves and fishes," not the applause of multitudes, but the remembrance of His sermons, "Who spake as never man spake!" How many young Sunday-school teachers pass from their elaborately-performed Sunday toilet into the gayly-decorated Sunday-school chapel of which they are so proud, with the simple remembrance He has told them to "feed His lambs?" Do the jealousies which spring up in societies, the splits and scandals in churches, the official pride of committees and boards, the supercilious condescension of poor-visitors and tract-distributors, and the self-righteous complacency of those who "labor much," and with great apparent success, arise from a constant remembrance of Him who was "meek and lowly in heart," who pleased not Himself, who commanded us not to be called masters, but in honor to prefer one another?

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And if the church when weighed in the balance of the sanctuary is thus "found wanting," how is it with the world outside? Where shall we look for business whose basis is the remembrance of Him who said, "I am the truth;" for pleasures that remind their votaries of the "joy that was set before Him;" for avocations which call to mind His business which was His Father's, that of going about doing good?

It is well, while the future with its unrealized possibilities is before us, to take the candle of this sorrowfully impressive command and search out the dark corners of our hearts that we may see how much and how little we are doing in remembrance of Jesus.

How glad our days would be if as each recurring task of daily life presented its claims, we could glorify it with the thought, "I do this in remembrance of Him"-Him who took our nature that He might sanctify its homely details! How months, if we could learn to look upon every un- life."-The Wayside.

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kind word, every untoward incident, every little providence which is not just in accordance with our will as precious memorials of His Cross. Dear fellow pilgrims, with whom we have sauntered along the Wayside for many months, let us, by the would the fret and worry fade out of the coming grace of God, endeavor to lead "a sacramental

# Qolhers' Department.

## PRIDE.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

YOUSIN LYDIA, who came from the West to visit us, has one child-little Corinne. During the first day or so of their visit, I thought her quite a lovable child; I had later to learn of a very unlovely trait of character, which, if not restrained, if suffered to grow and strengthen with her years, will sadly mar what might otherwise be a noble womanhood; it will pervert her mind, and render her life a detriment instead of a blessing to the world.

The first place at which we visited with them amongst the relatives was at Aunt Esther's. All went "as merry as a marriage bell" on the morning of our visit, until it came to getting little Corinne ready for the journey. A rich man's daughter, her apparel was costly and elegant; and when decked out in all her finery, she reminded one of some giddy little bird, with its bright plumage and restless ways. But among her warm and comfortable wraps was a little "cape" which her mamma thought best for her to wear under her beautiful cloak; it was not so new as the rest, and she refused to have it on.

"It isn't nice!" she cried. "Mean, hateful old thing! I won't wear it !"

Her mamma coaxed and argued, but she only pouted and sobbed, and looked askance at the offending garment. Our little Daisy, clad in her plain but warm and durable sacque and hood, stood looking on in wide-eyed wonder; and Cousin Lydia, very unwisely, as I thought, declared that she would "give it to the little girl."

The ruse, however, was not successful, for Corrie only grew more determined.

"Ugly old thing! I won't wear it!" she cried

But finally her mamma succeeded in fastening it about her shoulders, then proceeded hurriedly with the remaining wraps, and to don her own, as we all stood waiting.

Meanwhile, Corrie, with a very ill grace, had submitted to the inevitable, the seowl that disfigured her sometime-fair-face reminding one of those black clouds which sometimes overcast the bright skies of summer, veiling them in impenetrable gloom.

I tried to get near her heart and arouse nobler impulses. I told her how sorry God is to see His children's hearts proud, and vain, and unloving, I tried to show her how little it mattered about the "dress" if she was only kind, and gentle, and

noble-minded. I spoke gently, trying to reason with her; and finally, to awaken her sympathies, I told her of the many poor little children in the world who have no warm, comfortable clothes to wear, and not sufficient food to keep them from suffering with hunger. But all seemed of no avail; she would only frown, and pout, and snarl out: "I don't care."

The shadows of ill-nature did not lift for hoursnot entirely, I think, until she could again be relieved of the "hateful thing."

So it was at each place they visited; she made herself and others unhappy by this miserable exhibition of a proud, selfish, unlovely spirit.

It makes me sad to think what a very giant this pride has already become, and what a formidable enemy it is that will rule supreme in her heart, or with which she must contend, if, in future years, her eyes are opened to a true sense of its exceeding hatefulness and her own duty.

While returning from "the Centre," whither we had accompanied them on their homeward journey, I had an earnest talk with Daisy and little Guy on the subject. I tried to show them what a great evil pride is, and how sad for their little playmate to cherish in her heart an enemy that will work such harm to herself and others. I told them that in itself riches was no blessingthat it proved a blessing only when made so; for if not honestly gained, if not rightly accepted and used, it brought naught but harm to the soul of its possessor. And if being a rich man's daughter made little Corrie proud, and haughty, and vain; if it made her selfish, and ungenerous, and indifferent to the sufferings of humanity, then it would be far better for her to have been a poor man's child. I told them that it was not the clothes that made the man or woman, it was the noble qualities of mind and heart; that, though it was right and proper for us to wish to appear tidy to have our clothing neat and appropriate; it was folly as well as sin to set our affections on dress; and that to give the heart over to evil passions, to pride, selfishness and ungenerous impulses, was to deeply grieve the loving Father-He who "seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." This they must remember always, and strive to be loving, generous, true and kindhearted, careful to never, by word or deed, wound the feelings of others; ever regarding God's favor above all things else, and prizing an unblemished honor more than grandeur, riches or fame.

I do believe they understood every word; and I

trust the "seeds of truth" may have fallen into good ground."

Whether, in that instance, the spirit of pride was the most natural tendency, the ruling passion, of are supposed to enjoy, it should bring content, by the mind, and as such had been earnestly fought against by the mother, or by her blindly and thoughtlessly left unrestrained, or whether it had been engendered and fostered by injudicious example or management, until it had assumed its present proportions, I cannot say. But the very fact of its existence should be a useful lesson to all mothers, rich or poor. To the wealthy, it should serve to point out some of those dangers to which their children are exposed, and against which, as mothers, it is their duty to guard; and to those who, feeling the inconveniences of poverty, are

tempted to repine at their lot, regarding their own children as only deeply unfortunate in not possessing all the advantages children of the wealthy showing that poverty may be a blessing if thereby their children escape certain dangers to which those of the rich are subjected; and that, though deprived of the real advantages of wealth, they may give to these loved ones that which can never be taken from them.

And in training them they, also, should guard against dangers incident to their station; while all should remember, and impress on the minds of their children, that there are things worse than poverty and better than riches.

# Bons' and Girls' Greasury.

### THE IMPATIENT WATER.

A FABLE.

N engine was one day standing in the station, drawn up under a large pipe, and near it was a cistern full of water. Now, this water did not like its mode of life, and as I put my ear close to the cistern, I could fancy that I heard it murmuring in this strain:

"Here I am, shut up in these narrow walls, where I can see nothing of the world outside! If I were only a brook, how I would go singing and laughing through the fields! The flowers would stoop down to kiss me, and the birds would thank me. Or even in that fountain I could be happy, for there there is something to do-playing with the fishes or leaping up high in the air. But here I am, a prisoner-none can see me, none can love or value me."

Just then a valve opened, and a voice said: "Come, you're wanted." So off the water ran down a long, dark tube, and then it tumbled headlong into a large iron boiler.

"Why, this is worse than the cistern!" cried the unhappy water. "Oh, dear, was ever water so badly used as I am !"

But soon it began to get warm, for a large fire was burning beneath it. Hot and hotter did it grow, until it began fairly to boil and bubble with delight; when lo! the water like a ghost faded out of sight, and became steam,"

"What now?" cried the restless vapor, for it seemed to be conscious of a new power. "If they don't let us out, we'll soon burst these plates and rivets for them, for we will not bear it much longer."

Just then a shrill whistle was heard, and another valve was opened, when out flew the impatient steam. But as it went it moved a rod; and the rod moved those wheels, and a whole train of carriages glided out of the station. On they dashed, fast and faster, until the smoky town was left far behind, and houses, trees and fields flew by as if they all had wings. And as the steam floated by the carriage windows the travellers within all thanked it.

"Thank you!" said the merchant, who sat reading his paper in the corner, "you help me to do two days' work in one."

"Thank you!" said the school-boy, who was just going home for his midsummer holidays: and then he smiled as he thought of home with its fun and frolic, its cakes and kisses.

"Thank you!" said the pale invalid, who sat pillowed up by cushions; "you are so kind to bring me home so quickly."

Then the steam began to feel quite proud, and it tossed its head, as if to say, "Well, I've done something now! .Haven't I made a stir in the world!" But lo! the train went rushing on, and seemed not to think of the poor steam it was leaving far behind. It tried to keep up, but it was of no use; so it gave up the chase, and in angry tones it murmured once again: "Ah! that's the way. Help a man on, and he soon forgets you. That train would never have stirred an inch if I had not helped it; and now when it thinks it can do without me it rushes on, and will not even stop to thank me. Oh, selfish world, I almost wish I were out of it!"

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But now the train had got out of sight, curving round the hill. A cloud, however, happened to be passing just then, so it called down to the impatient steam and asked it to come and join it. So up it went, and the two made friends directly, floating on so gently, so calmly, over fields, and brook, and river, that they said they had never been so happy in all their lives before. Below them they saw the village green where the boys were playing at "leap-frog;" but they seemed like so many flies hopping about on the ground. The houses had no walls or doors, nothing but roof-at least they seemed so to them; the church had lost its steeple, and though they could hear the bells ringing for a wedding, they could not see where the belfry was. It was a hot summer's day, and for a long time there had been no rain. The fields were brown and bare, and the brooks were almost dry-so dry that in many places the minnows had got in little pools and could not get out again. The ground was so hard that the corn

could not grow; and in the meadow, the freshshorn sheep could not get enough to eat, though they were nibbling all day.

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"Can't we help them?" said one cloud to another; for by this time a large number of little clouds had met, forming a kind of sky-army.

"Yes, we will!" shouted all in a breath; "that hot-tempered sun shall not have it all his own

way!"
So they spread themselves out until they completely covered the fields; whereupon the sun became very angry, and flung his darts and arrows of fire at them. But it was all in vain; for, though he tried, he could not pierce the clouds. Then every flower in the meadow and hedge-row looked up and smiled so sweetly that the clouds could stay in the sky no longer. So down they came, turning into drops as they descended, and all through the land there was the pattering of rain. Then the grass grew green, and the ducks came waddling to the pond in high glee, and the geese set up such a cackling, as if they meant to say—and I believe they did—"Thank you, Rain! you have done us so much good, we'll love you."

But now they had got so much in the way of doing good that they could not stop; so off they ran, and as they ran they sang, for they were very happy. At length they tumbled into a brook, and now their delight knew no bounds. They whirled round and round in a kind of dance, and then all in a moment they darted under the bushes as if they were playing at hide-and-seek. And so the brook flowed on, happy as the day was long, and everybody loved it because it loved everybody. The grass grew greener where it ran; the birds dipped their little bills into its water and sang more sweetly; and the school-boy laughed to see his paper-boat gliding so gently down the stream. Then the brook grew bigger every day, until it was strong enough to turn the miller's wheel. By-and-by it grew into a river so deep and wide that great ships could float in it; but one day the river ventured out too far and tumbled into the sea, and no one saw it again. Its good work was done.

> "Like the river, time is gliding; Brightest hours have no abiding; Use the golden moments well."

### THE STAR.

BY S. JENNIE JONES.

OME, stand at my knee, little children;
I'll tell you a story to-night,
While the stars in the heavens above us
Are shedding their silvery light.
I'll tell you of one, little children,
That shone in the long, long ago,
And when you have heard, you will call it
A beautiful story, I know.

It was night, and the sky was illumined
With many a bright-shining star,
But one in the eastern horizon
Shone clearer and brighter by far.
There were watchers who gazed on its brightness,
And followed its beautiful rays
With hearts overflowing with gladness,
With songs of thanksgiving and praise.

For it showed them the way—listen, children—
It showed them the way to their King,
And they joyfully followed its guiding,
Their love-laden offerings to bring.
They followed nor thought to grow weary,
Their bosoms with joy were aglow,
And they found Him—draw nearer, dear children,
For I would speak softly and low—

They found Him a babe in a manger;
This story you've often been told,
And yet it is new, little children,
'Twill never, no, never, grow old.
They found Him a babe in a manger,
Our Jesus, our Saviour, our King!
The sadly sweet story forever
Through Heaven's high arches will ring.

'Twas for you and for me, little children, He laid all His glory aside, And left His bright home to be homeless, And sorrowed, and suffered, and died. Then, oh, let us come with our offerings, Our hearts and our praises to-day; Then strive to be stars, brightly shining, To show unto others the way.

# The Home Circle.

MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

SECOND SERIES .- No. 12.

E were all left sitting around the dinnertable at the close of the last month's talk.
Well, we sat and talked more than an
hour. I do not allow my girls to go directly from
the table to their studies, no student should do
that. The professor told me to try and start some
topic of conversation during meal-time that would
afford an opportunity for the girls to sit and talk
awhile, and if laughter came in bid it welcome.

But on this special day of which I wrote last month, our topic of conversation was unkind words, and it led into the relation of incidents. Josephine told a sad story of her own immediate neighborhood, and because such things are common and should be impressed on the minds of sisters, I will relate it here.

The Campbells are her nearest neighbors at home, and the family consists of the parents, three sons and two daughters. The boys are large, overgrown, bashful, awkward fellows, while the girls are small, and sprightly, and rather graceful, but affected and superficial.

Now, instead of bringing their brothers forward and introducing them when they have company and drawing them out in conversation and making them feel at ease, these girls have always kept them back and made them feel that they are really inferior to those ladies and gentlemen who visit their sisters.

Such conduct must inevitably bring its reward. The boys sought company elsewhere, they learned to spend their evenings sitting on the counters at the stores and groceries, and frequenting shoeshops, and tailor-shops, and offices, and public places. Afterwhile they learned to smoke segars, to listen to obscene stories and jokes without blushing, and now, to-day, the three brothers get drunk, and play cards, and run horses, and are rarely seen inside of a church or lecture-room, and if they are, the poor fellows have a hang-dog look, as though they thought they were not wanted there and felt themselves to be out of their own

This is very sad, pitiable in the extreme, and to no other cause can this be traced than to the neglect and carelessness of the proud and thought-

less sisters.

Now, to the thousands of dear girls who will read this, let me point out the right way of dealing with your brothers. How grieved any of you would be if, in future years, this sin be laid to your charge. You would fall upon your faces in agony of soul; you would beat your breasts and be glad to have the mountains fall upon you and crush you to atoms. Indeed, I can think of nothing sadder; the very thought of such a calamity makes my heart beat faster and faster, because if your brothers become bad men they will exert a bad influence, and if they have families-well, the stream cannot run higher than the fountain spring at the head. Not in all time, not in all eternity, will this evil cease or come to an end! It is fearful to contemplate-frightful to dwell upon; and the worst is, the sentence, "You knew your duty but you did it not."

Begin your work by letting your brothers see that you love them, and earnestly desire their best welfare. Share every good thing with them, from a bit of candy to a beautiful poem. If there is anything for which they have a special liking, see that they get it when it is practicable; hold up before them constantly the wickedness of lying, cheating, deceiving, and the beauty and excellence of an upright life, including all the characteristics that belong to such a life. Teach them to be unselfish, slow to anger, the charm there is in ruling one's spirit, and hold up before them the demands of Christianity. Instill into their minds the principles of temperance, the duty to parents, the care of their bodies, and the needs and duties relative to a full and beautiful development of the man, morally, intellectually and physically.

When you have company, never permit your brothers to dodge an introduction; shy boys will do this nearly always, and it only tends to increase their timidity, and make them feel that they are awkward, or, as a little brother of mine used to say, "Don't know how to do."

If an educated lady or gentleman is visiting

you, be sure and have the big and little boys in the same room during the evening, or as much as possible, that they may have the pleasure and advantage of listening to the conversation. You will not know yourself how much they will learn -how eagerly they will drink in the smooth sentences; how exquisite will seem the narration told in language with never a flaw or fault, and how all through their lives will live this abiding memory. If the visitor reads poetry or Shakspeare well, ask as a favor that he will read for the delectation of the growing boys. Any good man or woman will be flattered with the earnestness of the shy eyes that for a time forget their shyness,

Have the boys eat at the table when you have company, by all means; don't let them sneak off and pull their hats down over their eyes, and occasionally peep into a window and think, "Dear me! I wish they'd get through some time;" or,

"I'd thank visitors to stay at home!"

It is a good plan to manage the tide of conversation so that the boys can take a limited share in it, Never, never say to your brothers: "Oh, you are so awkward!" or, "You are too green;" or anything of this nature. You would not believe how a boy's pride, or love of approbation, or sensitiveness, will sink under such a blow. Poor fellow! though he may give no outward sign of the hurt and the struggle within, it almost turns him into stone, and he sees nothing but his two big, red, hard hands, while the din in his ears is like unto thousands of bells. Oh, never say that to your brother, unless you would wound him beyond all hope of healing! Such a hurt never is forgotten.

See that your brothers wear clothes that fit them, and are made in or near the prevailing styles. If a boy is not well-dressed-now I don't mean stylishly or fashionably, but simply, neatly and in the modern cut and make-he will feel that he is the target for all eyes; will feel awkward and conspicuous, and will not realize much pleasure

when he is out in company,

Love your brothers, and make them your confidants, and then they will return your trust, and tell you their plans and secrets, and you can mutually benefit each other. This is one of the sweetest relations in social life—the tie that binds together the brother and sister; it is holy, and sacred, and very beautiful.

If your brothers have faults, talk with them lovingly about them; remind them gently and kindly of them; and in time, with your help, they

may be entirely overcome.

I remember one sister who used to reproach her brother for a bad habit contracted perhaps in his infancy, that of eating noisily at the table. I presume she did not do this in a very gracious manner, and he became angry and would not try to

I was eating dinner with the family once, and he was somewhat noisy, and she said: "Guzzle away, pig! it's no use to say anything to our Sam about eating quietly, so I've taken to reprimanding him before folks!"

Poor Sam! his face flamed with mortification and surprise, and I pitied him more than I have words to express. He rose soon and left the table, and I believe there is a scar in my heart yet, I was so sorry for him, and I cannot bear to recall the painful incident even now, after the lapse of years.

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I think there never was a shyer boy than my brother, Davy Reynolds, but I managed him so successfully in his youth and the first years of his young manhood, that now he is easy and graceful in any company and under any circumstances.

I did not let him know that I thought he was bashful or awkward. I liked to put him in close places and then shield and assist him in a way that he would be helped and not be aware of it.

One time he was working on the railroad as a repair hand, he was sunburnt and shabbily clad, and his shirt sleeves were rolled up every day as far as they would go, and he wore an old battered hat, and looked about as hardy and rough as a young man could look.

One afternoon a congressman, on his way to Washington, called to visit with us, and stop off until the next train. He was the most distinguished visitor who had ever called at our house. When Davy came home from his work, I hailed to him as he passed the door to come in.

"Mr. — is here, and I want you to see him," said I.

"Shall I put on other clothes?" he asked, looking down at his patched trousers.

"Come just exactly as you are," was my reply. I can see just how the shy boy looked, holding his old hat in one brown hand, nothing white about him but his beautiful forehead and his pretty teeth. The lad was warmly received and generously shaken by the noble man who stood, with a kingly air, full six feet high.

I wanted my brother to know that in my estimation the man whose stately tread fell in the halls of Congress was no more a man, no nobler or better than my toll-worn brother fresh from his daily labor on the railroad. And I wanted him to feel the meaning that throbs in this bit of poetry:

Destiny is not Without thee, but within: Thyself must make thyself.

### MY EXPERIENCE.

INCE I have been a subscriber to the Home Magazine, I have received a good many useful hints; and I would like to add my mite to the general fund of information contained in the "Home Circle." Doubtless, many of your readers will say that this is nothing new, but let them remember it may be new to some young housekeeper.

Two of my lamps became incrusted on the inside with a brown substance, apparently the settlings of the oil. This, ordinary washing would not remove. It occurred to me one day that a recipe for cleansing vials, given to me years ago by an old lady friend, would apply to glass lamps as well. I filled my lamp about a third full of soapsuds, and then put in about two tablespoonfuls of sharp, gravelly sand. After shaking vigorously a few minutes, I rinsed it carefully, and it domestic tranquillity.

was clear and bright as a new lamp. For cleaning the dust from crevices on the outside of the lamp, an old tooth-brush dipped in soapsuds will be found very useful.

I have not had very much experience in housekeeping, and last year I made my first trial with tomatoes. I had just put up three jars, when my husband brought me his Scientific American, and pointed out, among the "Notes and Queries," the question, "Why will not tomatoes keep in glass?" It was not answered, and I thought it must be unanswerable. So I determined not to put up another jar, but to set away the ones already prepared and give them a trial. I used the first jar in March and the last one in July of the present year, and they were just as nice as they could be. So I can safely assert that they will keep in glass jars. I will add that I kept mine in a dark and cool closet. M. L. C.

Nebraska City, October 11th, 1875.

DEAR MR. ARTHUR:—I would but "lay a leaf on the well-filled chalice" of the "Home Circle," I want to thank the dear sisters who contribute so much to the already great wealth of your magazine. I could call them over by name, but will only send greetings to dear little Lichen, in her leafy nest, who sends from her "pencil dipped in dreams, shades of the brown woods, and tints of the sunset streams," who makes "friends of the woods and rocks," and "hears old voices in the winds that toss above her head the live oak's beard of moss." And what the "hillside trees say to the winds that touch their leafy keys."

Let me tell "Pipsey" my way for making grape preserves. Pulp your grapes, placing the skins in a separate dish; put the pulp over the fire, let it boil for a few minutes, then run it through a cullender which frees it from the seeds; add the skins and weigh, and add one-half as much sugar as you have fruit. It is very easily done and very nice. Now, right here, is, I think, the proper time to thank her for her doughnut recipe, given long ago. Was delighted to get it—just hugged myself, as I could not get hold of her. Have only had two years of experience in housekeeping, and what I know, feel very proud of.

Now, Mr. Arthur, you see my leaf has grown into quite a forest, and a handful more will not make much difference. Let me tell you how like the face of a smiling friend your cheery magazine comes into my home, travelling over mountains and rivers to reach it, for it is in the far-away Nebraska, and let me add that it will be just as welcome without the "premium picture."

ALCIE B.

It is the unguarded word which oftenest proves a root of bitterness in married life—the want of a proper discipline of speech which thrusts thorns and needles into family happiness. Young married people cannot be too careful in the exercise of a wholesome restraint over their tongues and intercourse with each other, if they would preserve mutual respect and lay a solid basis for domestic tranquillity.

ARTHUR:-This is the first time I have knocked at the door of your sanctum; may I come in, if I promise not to stay long?

I have been a reader of the Home Magazine for some time, and would like to tell its contributors that I love them, too, and that many times have they helped and

delighted me.

I am heartily glad to learn that Mrs. Dorr will be one of our Home Circle next year. No one deserves a more hearty welcome than she; and there is certainly no who has read her "RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON that is not anxiously awaiting the appearance of

EAGLESCLIFFE.

And "Pipsey," dear creature! where is there a wo man like her? Her good, sensible talks are balm to When I receive the Home, I go immediately to the "Deacon's Household," and devour it with all avidity, and from thence to "My Girls and I." When I have finished them, I am ready to open the balance. If I knew "Pipsey" only through the magabalance. zine, I should love her, but it has been my privilege to become acquainted with her personally, and, knowing her, love her all the more. I am sure that she is one of the best women that was ever created.

She possesses the largest and warmest heart of any woman I know. One of your correspondents says.
"she cannot be spared from this mundane sphere;" and

I echo the sentiment. I hope she will live forever.

I believe I promised not to stay long, but won't you indulge me a moment longer, I want to say a word about these beautiful autumn days. Let us leave our work and worry, and go out and enjoy them. Our work and worry will wait for us, but these delightful days will not.

## THOUGHTS ON THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY LICHEN.

EAR HOME CIRCLE: Let us draw up our chairs around the fire, and have a pleasant chat, for our last one before we say good-bye to the old

Without, the snow lies over the ground, the streamlets are bound in icy chains, the skies often lower darkly, and chilly blasts sweep by. But let not snow and frost chill our hearts, and make them cold and selfish. Let cheerfulness and kindly feeling, like this glowing fire, shed warmth and brightness all around Oh, that all homes could be as bright as the cheery blaze makes our rooms just now! But there are some where sorrow has hung such a heavy cloud, that nothing lights up its gloom; and in many, I shudder to think, there is such want and poverty, that no brightness of either fire or heart exists. While in other stately homes, the hearts are sometimes so cold, so wrapped in self, that there is little reflected light and warmth, to make happiness in the family circle. Homes, such places are not, only houses to stay in; repulsive often to some of their inmates, who spend as little time in them as possible.

If parents, sisters and brothers only knew the wrong If parents, sisters and prothers only knew the wrong they are doing often, by selfish, careless indifference in such matters, how differently, perhaps, they would act-Pleasant it is to turn from such pictures to happy homes that we know, where lovelight reigns, and let us hope that there are many, many such, to balance the sad, cold, lonely ones. It was not this I meant to talk of however, but the ald year which is slowly and talk of, however, but the old year, which is slowly and

solemnly moving away.

I have watched from my window its seasons as they passed, each filled with its peculiar phase of life. I have enjoyed the brightness and freshness of spring, have drunk in the sweetness of June days-which I believe all writers agree in pronouncing the most perfect and complete of all days in the year, when the climax of full beauty is reached, before any shadow of decay has come; when the cool breezes seem more delicious than ever before, because the summer suns have grown hot enough for us to need their refreshment. The later months of summer have passed slowly away before my weary eyes, and brought in turn the lovely changes of autumn, its invigorating coolness, and its harvest of the good things of earth, to nourish us through the coming winter. Anon the fleeting glories of Indian summer have cast their sweet, strange spell over me, giving place all too soon to the fading and falling of the leaves; and at last the dreary, sombre days of winter, which close its brief existence.

And are they not like the seasons of our life? First,

the joyous, early spring of childhood, its smiles and tears chasing each other so rapidly, its young, undeveloped beauty, and promise of what is to come. the blooming May-time of our youth, with its fairy-land of flowery hopes. A little farther on, the June days of our existence, when happiness seems so complete that we wish for no more. When the cool, breezy moons, and soft, starry nights, all speak the same language-before the later summer heats of life have scorched and withered its joys, or shown that sorrow must be mingled with happiness in the lot of almost all. Then the riper years, which from our mingled joys and griefs, pleasures and cares, mistakes and triumphs, bring us sometimes a rich fruitage of experience to last through the winter of our days. Finally, the gradual fading and departure of many of life's beauties, the cessation of interest in what interests the young, the falling, leaf by leaf, of old friends, of old joys, old ties that bound us to the world. Happy those whose hearts do not grow cold and withered with the winter of age--who can verify the sweet words of the

"Love may nevermore grow old, Locks may lose their brown and gold, Cheeks may fade, and hollow grow, But the hearts that love, may know Never, never, winter's frost and chill; Summer's warmth is in them still."

And this year, so soon to be numbered with those departed forever, how much of both joy and grief have its days and months been freighted with! if the grief has been unmixed with bitterness or remorse: for true sorrow, rightly borne, softens, strengthens, is ennobling. Chastened sorrow brings us nearer our great Head—the compassionate One, who was called "a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief." He did not frown on grief, though He would not have us sit idly down and give up to it, but bids us cast all our care on the Lord, "for He careth for us." And out of some sorrows grow the brightest heavenly joys in the end.

Joy-what different meanings are attached to that word by different ones. Some call mere pleasure by is but that name; while pleasure-in my mindfoam sparkling on the top of the cup, which may hold joy in its deepest drops, and is felt by many who have never yet fathomed joy's sacred bliss. Pleasure seems to me the feeling natural to the young and light-hearted on any happy occasion; or the emotion of those who join in ceaseless gayety, for the mere amusement of the present time, or the passing feeling which we all have in any momentary enjoyment or gratification. joy I hold to be an emotion dwelling deep in the heart, welling up from it in springs of pure happiness, and sending radiance over one's life.

How long I sought it before I really and truly found the priceless treasure. First I looked for earthly lown building beautiful airy eastles that crumbled before I had crossed their threshold. Then, when my childish tears for the loss were over, I would rear another fairer one, on just as ethereal a foundation. It always seemed an ignis-fatuus eluding my grasp. But at last, after the years in which I thought there was nothing left for me in life but suffering of body and mind, and that I was only waiting to die, then gradually, after the billows had receded, leaving a calm, there came a sweet peace and rest; and finally, when I was not seeking for nor

expecting it, there sprang up in the depths of the soul a tender, solemn joy, "which no man taketh away."

Now the years go and come just as they used when their closing hours caused such mournful sadness, and the opening of a new one such sickening dread; but they are powerless so to move me any more.

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In a book I was reading a few years ago—I cannot re-call its name—I found the following passage, which spoke to me with deep meaning: "She had learned (as spoke to me with deep meaning: "She had learned (as Carlyle expresses it) to do without happiness, and in-stead thereof has found blessedness." And I believe this would be the case with many, if they would cease looking for and expecting it, as if they thought it was their right, or as if it were the main thing in life.

A dear old year this has been to me-although cares and sorrows have marked some of its days-for during its passage I have felt more of an approach toward returning health than ever before in all the years since disease laid its heavy hand upon me. So many of the hours have lost their weariness and pain, so many things can be enjoyed that used to be entirely beyond my power, and I can go so much oftener out into the fresh, free air that revivifies and strengthens. Life looks so different from what it did only three years I no longer feel the unavailing longing to lay it down, but am ready to take up whatever work there may be for me to do, earnestly, willingly, if not eagerly. Ready, I think, to live out the days and years that are best for me, whether many or few, sure that there is some work for every one of them, however little or humble it is. So I say good-bye to the year just going with a tender, loving feeling; yet not regretfully, for the hope comes that the next may be better still. But to the material,

I hope I shall not have to say a real good-bye to many of the readers of the magazine—only "to meet again" in a few weeks. I trust we will yet spend many pleasant hours over its pages in the future, and with the wish that we may each see our closing year depart with a good conscience, and be ready to welcome the new one with hopeful, courageous hearts, I bid adieu to eighteen hundred and seventy-five.

DITOR HOME MAGAZINE-Dear Sir: Your magazine has been a constant visitor at our house for almost three years, and its coming has never failed to cheer, encourage and instruct. Had we a few more such periodicals, or were those we have more generally and carefully read, the world would be

better and happier.

I was greatly pleased with "Chatty's" talk in the September number. She could hardly have touched a subject upon which there is greater need of "line upon line, and precept upon precept." The tongue is too often an unruly member, and needs to be carefully guarded. Few persons realize the enormity of this evil. I have known good and useful men to be thrown out of employment, and obliged to undergo months of unmerited suffering by the gossip of those who, while talking, took no thought as to the result of words which seemed to them harmless.

I found in "Pipsey's" article directions for the re-moval of mildew from cotton goods. I tried her recipe, which came at an opportune time for me, successfully. I would like to learn from her, or some one, how to remove grease spots from worsted goods without injury LIZZIE,

# Evenings will the Poels.

## THE YELLOW-HAMMER'S NEST.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

THE yellow-hammer came to build his nest High in the elm-tree's ever-nodding crest; All the long day, upon his task intent, Backward and forward busily he went,

Gathering from far and near the tiny shreds That birdies weave for little birdies' beds; Now bits of grass, now bits of vagrant string, And now some queerer, dearer sort of thing.

For on the lawn, where he was wont to come In search of stuff to build his pretty home, We dropped one day a lock of golden hair Which our wee darling easily could spare;

And close beside it tenderly we placed A lock that had the stooping shoulders graced Of her old grandsire; it was white as snow, Or cherry-trees when they are all ablow.

Then throve the yellow-hammer's work apace; Hundreds of times he sought the lucky place Where sure, he thought, in his bird-fashion dim, Wondrous provision had been made for him.

Both locks, the white and golden, disappeared; The nest was finished, and the brood was reared And then there a came a pleasant summer's day When the last yellow-hammer flew away.

Ere long in triumph, from its leafy height, We bore the nest so wonderfully dight, And saw how prettily the white and gold Made warp and woof of many a gleaming fold.

But when again the yellow-hammers came Cleaving the orchards with their pallid flame, Grandsire's white locks and baby's golden head Were lying low, both in one grassy bed.

And so more dear than ever is the nest.
Ta'en from the elm-tree's ever-nodding crest,
Little the yellow-hammer thought how rare
A thing he wrought of white and golden hair!
Harper's Magasine.

THE RAINBOW.

BY MRS. AMELIA WELBY.

SOMETIMES have thoughts, in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud, to its haven of rest
On the white wing of peace, floated off in the west,

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze, That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas, Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold. "Twas born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth It had stretched to the uttermost end of the earth, And, fair as an angel, it floated as free, With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell! Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it fell; While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly

o'er, When they saw the fair rainbow, knelt down on the No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer, Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there, And bent my young head, in devotion and love, 'Neath the form of the angel, that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle! how radiant its rings!
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air;
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there;
Thus forming a girdle, as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow, that circled my soul,
Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves, When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose, And thus, when the rainbow had passed from the sky, The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;

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It left my full soul, like the wing of a dove, All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain But shortens the links in life's mystical chain; I know that my form, like that bow from the wave, Must pass from the earth, and lie cold in the grave; Yet, oh! when death's shadows my bosom encloud, When I shrink at the thought of the coffin and shroud, May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold,

### NOON-TIDE.

BY G. DE B.

DUFF lie the wheat-fields, and blue gleams the sky, Green waves the tasselled corn, white rolls the

warm yellow sunshine looks smilingly down on dank, dun colored earths heavy and brown.

He stands, half buried in thought, at the plough, Straw hat pushed back from his warm, heated brow, Flannel shirt fiaming out scarlet and bright, Unto one pair of eyes—a beacon light,

Rich purple clover, and ripe golden grain, Line either side of the long, sunny lane Where she comes singing, her joy half revealed, Carrying his dinner-pail down to the field.

Into his tired face a rosy light Breaks into bloom, and his dark eyes grow bright; Quickly he lets down the bars at his side, Watching her coming with lover-like pride,

Toesing her head with a coquettish grace, Looking half-slyly up into his face, Putting the dinner-pall into his hands, She stammers: "Can't stay a minute"—and stands.

Then, at a whisper, her cheek blushing glows, And all the wide world is "couleur de rose," For each see swiftly in each other's eyes Love's revelation—the sweet, new surprise.

What if the noon-time be flying—and gone— What if the day's work be only hair done? Have we not in our day stole "happy hours"-Isn't this love just as sweet, pray, as ours?

Dull morn and even-tide come to us all, Twilight and shadow on these, too, shall fall; Youth is but youth once, its joys fade so soon, Let us not grudge it then—Love's perfect noon,

### GRANDFATHER.

RANDFATHER sits by the open door.
And around his feet the sunbeams play,
While his scant gray locks are gently stirred.
By the breath of the mild October day.
His gaze is turned toward the distant hills,
Where the trees are yellow, and green, and gold,
And they seem to say to the old man's heart,
"See! we grow lowly as we grow old!" See! we grow lovely as we grow old!"

Over the landscape far and near Grandfather looks with tear-dimmed eyes, For on the meadow, as on the hills, The shadow of summer's slow death lies. But over it all, with restful calm,
There lingers a dreamful, tender haze,
And the breeze is fragrant with stolen sweets
In memoriam of the summer days.

Grandfather thinks of the years gone by,
The spring-time first of his merry youth,
And then the summer of manhood's joys,
When his heart grew warm with love and truth.
"Alas!" he murmurs, "that time has passed,
And winter comes for the year and me;
Who knows, as the chill of age creeps on,
How lovely I in my death shall be!"

Grandfather lies on the hill-side brown— Lies at rest—and the setting sun Kisses the spot where loving hands Laid him down when his life was done, Kisses the grown when his life was uone.

And over the meadow, over the hills,
The breeze goes sobbling the livelong day
For the fair sweet summer whose life went out
With the shadow of winter chill and gray.

Harper's Weekly.

# Housekeepers' Peparlment.

### TEA AND COFFEE.

What are the dietetic principles of tea, coffee and chocolate !

They all three contain a nitrogenised basis, to which they owe some of their most important chemical properties. Tea and coffee contain the self-same basis; in tea it is called thein, in coffee caffein. The cocoa principle, or theobromin, is richer in nitrogen than the thein or caffein, which latter very nearly correspond in their composition with the flesh basis,

What imparts the agreeable smell to roasted coffee? In the process of roasting, the tannin or bitter principle of the coffee unites with the caffein, and forms tanno-caffeic acid, from which the aroma of coffee arises.

What produces the peculiar aroma of tea?

The leaves of tea contain a peculiar volatile oil, which, although the essential principle of tea is identical with that of coffee, imparts to it a distinguishing odor and

What is the difference between black and green tea!

The difference is not unlike that which exists between raw and roasted coffee. The leaves are turned black by being dried at a higher temperature than that to which green tea has been subjected. The heat exercises a decomposing action; the albumen of the leaf is more perfectly coagulated; the tea oil and tannic acid are changed or dissipated.

Why should the water poured upon tea be at the boiling point?

Because it requires the temperature of boiling water to dissolve and extract the tea oil and tannic acid.

Why should not an infusion of tea be kept at the boiling point?

Because if tea were to be boiled after being steeped, the tea oil would escape. The tea would appear to be stronger, because the tannic acid would be more fully extracted, but the aromatic principle of tea would be driven off, and a muddy and bitter extract would re-

Why does the first infusion of tea possess more aroma than the second?

Because the first infusion, if the water used is at the boiling temperature, takes up the essential oil of the tea, while the second water receives only the bitter extract supplied by the tannic acid.

Why does tea act as a stimulant to one individual and as a sedative to another?

These opposite properties in the same article are not the result of different principles in the plant, but depend entirely on the temperament of the person who takes it. On the sanguineous it acts as a stimulant; on the nervous as a sedative.

Why is tea a good gargle for relaxed sore throat?

From its astringent properties, and the presence of a large quantity of tannin.

Why is tea a good beverage for those who are obliged to sit up late or trench on the hours of rest?

The reason why tea dispels drowsiness and makes a person vigilant at night, is owing to its direct influence on the heart and circulation.

Why is a strong infusion of tea a good antidote in cases of poisoning from antimony or tartar emetic?

From the astringent property of the tea decomposing the poison.

# Peally Department.

### CATCHING COLD.

THE season of the year will soon be upon us when people everywhere will be taking cold, and in many cases they will suffer much and die. A little care would often prevent it. In the first place, as one of the means to prevent a cold, the daily bath in a warm room, with much friction, is very important. In no case should the body be chilled. Use much friction over the chest and throat, and snuff into the nostrils a little of the water warmed to a comfortable temperature.

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Next, after the bath, take daily exercise in the open air, neither too much nor too little; exposing the body somewhat to the cold and sun for a short time, but never exhausting it. One chief danger from colds is the exhausted state of the body that first occurs, so it is not able to resist unfavorable influences. People who are not very vigorous should avoid over-exertion and keep the strength up to the highest point.

It will help those prone to colds to sleep all they can. Another cause of colds is eating too heartily after a day's work, when there are not forces enough to digest the food and keep up the circulation. Eat moderately at night, if you would avoid a cold.

A cold in its early stages may be broken up by hot foot-baths, warmth to the body, especially a hot pack or a hot bath in the middle of the day, with much friction and quiet in a comfortable room. It is not advisable to take a hot bath at night in such cases

When you have a cold don't eat much or work much unless you have great physical strength, when a hard day's work may be a good thing to equalize the circulation and restore the action to the skin, which always suffers when one takes cold,-Herald of Health,

OUND SLEEP .- Sound sleep is essential to good health. It is impossible to restore and recuperate the system, exhausted by labor and activity, without this perfect repose. Sleep has a great deal to do with the disposition and temper. A sound sleeper is seldom unduly disturbed by trifles, while a wakeful, restless person is apt to be irritable. A great deal has, been written about the advantages of curtailing the hours of repose, and of sleeping but little. We are inclined to think that there is room for doubt whether the benefits of closely limiting the time given to rest have not been exaggerated. Active persons, of nervous temperament, can hardly get too much sleep. We know very well that the saving of two or three hours a day from slumber is, in one sense, equivalent to a considerable prolongation of human life, and we are no advocates of indolence; but the fact still remains that sleep may be so much abridged as to leave the system incapable of as much effective work in two hours as might be performed in a better condition in one.

ARE OF THE HEALTH.-An old constitution is like an old bone-broken with ease, mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale, an old one snaps and falls before the blast. A single hard lift; an hour of heating work; a run to catch a departing train; an evening of exposure to rain or damp; a severe chill; an excess of food; the unusual indulgence of any appe tite or passion; a sudden fit of anger; an improper dose of medicine-any of these or other similar things may cut off a valuable life in an hour, and leave the fair hopes of usefulness and enjoyment but a shapeless

# Centennial Potes.

of the big trees of California is on its way to this city for exhibition at the Centennial. The tree from which this section was cut grew in the Kaweah and Kings River Grove, near the line of Frenso and Tulare Counties, California, on the west slope of the Sierra Nevadas, at an elevation of six thousand, five hundred feet above the level of the sea, forty-five miles from Visalia, the nearest railroad station. The age of the tree, as indicated by the yearly rings was about two thousand, two hundred and fifty years, the rings being so close on the outer edge that it was almost impossible to count them. The height was two hundred and seventysix feet. The diameter, at the surface of the ground, was twenty-six feet; ten feet above the ground the diameter was twenty feet; one hundred feet above the ground, where the first limb projects, the diameter was fourteen feet; and two hundred feet above the ground the diameter was nine feet. It was perfectly sound and solid. The bark averaged one foot in thickness and in some places it was sixteen inches thick. The bark of some of this species of tree is three feet thick. The estimated number of lumber feet that it would make was three hundred and seventy-five thousand, and the number of cubic feet about thirty-one thousand, enough to make lumber and posts for sixteen miles of ordinary fence. The weight of the wood when first cut was seventy-two pounds per cubic foot, making the weight of the lumber-producing portion two million, two hundred and thirty-two thousand pounds. It took

ONE OF CALIFORNIA'S BIG TREES,-A section of one | it fell it broke in several pieces. This section was taken from the tree ten feet above the ground to twenty-six feet above the ground. The diameter at the base is twenty feet. It was hollowed out into a cylinder, and then cut into sections, making, when put together, the body of the tree complete, the wood thus left being from six to eight inches thick, exclusive of

THE SAWYER OBSERVATORY .- On the summit of Belmont Hill, more than half a mile from the Centennial Buildings, is a tall, slender tower, surmounted by a wire cage, from the top of which protrudes a flag-staff. This is one of the many private enterprises that have been brought to Philadelphia by the Centennial, and it is one of the most costly and ornamental of them, for it is built of expensive boiler iron, and it can be seen from almost any part of the Exhibition grounds. It is a "Sawyer Improved Observatory," built by the Sawyer Improved Observatory Company, of Boston, and is the first one that has ever been put up. The main shaft, two hundred feet high, and eight feet in diameter at the bottom, tapering to three feet at the top, is a hollow iron tube, built just like a steam boiler, except that the edge of each plate rests on the edge of the plate immediately below it, instead of overlapping, thus throwing the weight directly on the plates instead of upon the rivets. A strong stone foundation was first built, to which ten cast-iron supports were bolted; and on these supports the bottom of the shaft rests, two men ten days' hard work to fell the tree, and when securely bolted to its place. At the top of the shaft is

a platform about twenty feet in diameter, surrounded by a strong iron rail and covered with a wire netting to prevent persons from falling or jumping off. A car runs from the top to the bottom to carry passengers. It is raised or lowered by eight steel-wire cables. and is prevented from falling, should the cables give way. by steel clamps acting on perpendicular rods, which will immediately stop the car and hold it in position. The shaft is steadied by eight wire cables firmly set in masonry. The car will carry about forty passengers comfortably, and the platform on top of the shaft will hold about a hundred and twenty-five. The first pub-He ascension of the car was made on Saturday, October 23d, and now runs regularly, averaging about four trips to the hour. The fare is twenty-five cents for adults and ten cents for children, and visitors can stay at the top as long as they desire. An ornamental cottage is to be built at the base of the shaft for a waitingroom. Here tables and seats are to be arranged for the convenience of picnicing parties.

PACIFIC COAST SPECIMENS,-At Tueson, Pima County, in Arizona Territory, in a building of the Central Pacific Railroad is stored a superb collection of Pacific coast specimens for exhibition at the Centennial, undergoing classification. This exhibition will be made under the immediate auspices of the company, For the past eighteen months the Land Department of the corporation has been seeking out and gathering together the finest mineral, cereal, ornithological and zoological collection ever secured on the Pacific coast, The exhibit will also embrace some of the largest collections of marine, land and fresh water shells ever shown and specimens of all the coals of the Pacific region. The latter represent fully one hundred different grades, from the finest Shasta to the commonest slate mixed stone.

The timber of the coast is represented by specimens, green, polished and petrified. The full list of specimens represent birds of every plumage, animals of every species, together with curious alkaline formations, perolites, marble (polished and rough), sandtons, permice, honey-combed lava (light enough to float), fossilized fish, borings from artesian wells, curious relics of armor breastplates, fossil reptiles, entomological specimens, etc. The collection as it now stands has been classified with the utmost care.

It is stated that the Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific Railroad Companies have joined together and arranged for the erection of a building separate from the regular halls of the exhibition for the special purpose of displaying the products of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming and Utah. The railway building is to be two stories in height, the first floor to be used for showing the vast array of minerals, cereals and fruit collected from the States and Territories named, while the second will be divided into sleeping apartments for the convenience of interested exhibitors. It is understood that a vigorous effort will be made upon the part of progressive Californians to induce the Central Pacific to join the corporations first named and provide space by enlarging the building for a full display of products, mineral, agricultural and pomological, from the States of California, Nevada and Oregon.

THE FRENCH CAFÉ.—This will be under the direction of Leon Goyard, of Paris, and everything served will be in the French style. The building will contain a large banqueting-hall, one hundred and thirty feet long and fifty feet wide. In the rear will be the café and billiard-rooms. On either side will be well-appointed kitchens. There will also be two large verandas, and on either side two paylions. The structure will cover a ground space of two hundred feet in width and two hundred and fifty feet in depth. It is estimated that at least four thousand persons can be served at one time.

CALIFORNIA'S GRAPE VINE,-The mammoth grape vine from Santa Barbara, California, which is to be exhibited at the Centennial, has, after several weeks of labor, been dug up, divided into sections, and boxed for transportation. This famous vine is without doubt the largest in the world. The celebrated vine at Hampton Court, England, which grew under glass, is nine inches in diameter three feet from the ground. The Callfornia vine is fourteen inches in diameter three feet from the ground, and nearer to the ground has a measurement of eighteen inches in diameter or fifty-six inches in circumference, while its foliage has long covered a space equal to ten thousand square feet. The Hampton Court vine produces annually from one thousand five hundred to two thousand pounds of grapes. The product of the California vine has often reached the immense number of seven thousand five hundred clusters, of an average weight of one and a half pounds each, or nearly twelve thousand pounds. It is of the variety known as the mission grape, and was planted by Dona Maria Marcelina de Dominguez, at the birth of a child, according to the custom of the country. Its age is between fifty and sixty years,

DECORATIONS FOR THE MAIN EXPOSITION BUILD-ING.—For the Main Exposition Building four very elaborate pieces are being designed, and, as soon as completed, will be placed in position. They represent America, Europe, Asia and Africa, and each is fifty feet in height, and forty feet wide. America is represented by Columbia, holding in her hand the staff surmounted by the Liberty Cap, while beneath is the word America and the numerals MDCCLXXVI. On the right is the bust of Washington. On the left that of Franklin. As a background the national colors are most prominent, and on either side are the flags of the old original thirteen States. The whole forms a very pretty picture, and cannot but attract great attention. Europe is represented by a female figure at the top,

Europe is represented by a female figure at the top, while beneath, on the right, is the bust of Homer, and on the left that of Charlemagne. A horse and lion are prominent, and back of all are the flags of the Great Powers.

Africa's represented by an Egyptian female, with the busts of Rameses and Sesostris. It is further embellished with Oriental sketches and the ensigns of the countries.

Asia is represented by a female figure, with the busts of Confucius and Mahomet. There are also Chinese and Japanese emblems and the flags of the countries. With each the products of the countries are made prominent, and they are to be so painted that when placed in position they can be readily understood.

MACHINERY HALL.-The officers of the Bureau of Machinery have received from France an application for six thousand feet more of space in Machinery Hall. That country has already ten thousand feet, and consequently, if its application is favorably considered, it will give it altogether sixteen thousand feet. There have already been received one thousand two hundred and thirty-one applications for space in this department of the Exhibition; nine hundred and thirty-one from exhibitors in the United States, and three hundred from foreigners. At the Vienna Exhibition there were only nine hundred fifty-nine exhibitors in Machinery Hall. There are about three hundred and eighty thousand square feet of available space in Machinery Hall, one-fourth of which will be occupied by foreign countries, and the balance by the United States.

THE GROUP OF AMERICA.—Mr. John Sartain, Chief of the Bureau of Art of she United States Centennial Commission, has been notified that a model in terra cotta of the celebrated group of America which is a prominent feature in the ornamentation of the Albert Memorial, in Hyde Park, London, will be exhibited in the Art Department at the Centennial Exhibition. This group is by John Bell, a sculptor whose works have long given him a leading position in his profession.

# Anshion Department.

## FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

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HE latest advices from Paris tell us that costumes in two or more materials, and possibly different shades, still have the advantage in popular favor over those of a single material and color. One of the latest fashions is a combination of silk and woollen in skirt, overskirt, jacket and sleeves, with facings, trimmings and vest of plaid. Plain and brocaded silks are also combined, by having the front and side gores of the overskirt and the waist of the brocaded silk, and the back breadth, underskirt and sleeves of plain silk. Woollen goods may be used instead of silk in this costume.

Plaids still hold their own in woollen goods, and many novelties are introduced. The most stylish plaids are those which are almost invisible, with perhaps a single thread of a light or bright color outlining the plaid. Gold or silver threads are sometimes woven into plaids, but the effect produced by them is somewhat bizarre, and they are not likely to become generally popular.

One of the prettiest styles of the season are the whitefiaked goods. These goods, which are usually of a dark iron-gray or brown, have a dash of white or light tint here and there, looking like a white fleece, or a snowflake. One style is called "The Snows of Spitzbergen."

There is a more extensive variety of waterproof goods this season than has ever appeared heretofore. They are shown in almost every shade of color, in plaint tints, in plaids and in flakes. The waterproof need not, in future, be the unsightly garment it has, for the most part, been in the past; but with a little discretion in the selection of color, and taste in making, it can be rendered not only a serviceable outer

garment in the worst of weathers, but something really tasteful and attractive in appearance.

There is as great a variety of trimmings as heretofore, though some novelties are introduced. The chief novelty of the season is a sort of Titan or Hercules braid, interwoven with gold and silver threads, either in lines, bars, blocks, plaids or diamonds. This braid comes in various widths, from half an inch to three or four inches.

Feather trimmings will still be worn, ostrich feather bands retaining their usual width, but other feather bands will be much wider than those of last season.

There is quite a variety in fringes, of silk and wool, or the two materials combined. Fur will still be worn in trimming velvets, cloth and silk. Self-trimmings are still as much in style as ever, and are by far the most economical. Shirring, knife-plaiting and fluting seem to be the chief methods adopted in self-trimming. The difference between knife-plaiting and fluting is that the former is pressed into sharp folds by a hot iron, and the latter, being secured by a tape fastened to the underside of each plait, is left unpressed, and the natural elasticity of the fabric causes it to round out.

There is not so great a variety in hats this season as there has been for some seasons past. The style of trimming has also materially changed. Long streamers at the back of ribbon or silk are entirely abolished, and only short loops or pendant plumes are allowable,

The Grecian style of colffure is now generally adopted, the hair being gathered in a knot at the back of the head, and confined by an ornamental but not too large comb. If the forehead is low, the hair should be simply parted and waved; but if it is high or round, frizzes may be added to advantage.

# New Publications.

Bric-a-Brac Series. Personal Recollections of Lamb, Hazlitt and others. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Seribner, Armstrong & Co. Like some of the preceding volumes of this interesting series of books, the present one contains many triffing remiscences and inspid and pointless aneodotes, which occupy pages to the exclusion of more interesting incidents that might be gleaned from the lives of the men and women introduced to the reader. It were better to let the personal weaknesses, puerilities and ill-natured sayings of the men and women who have left an honored name in literature lie forever buried out of sight. To exhume them, after their long burial, is not a kindly task, and does not minister to a pure and healthy taske.

Toward the Strait Gate; or, Parish Christianity for the Unconverted. By Rev. E. F. Burr, D. D., Author of "Ecce Coeburn," "Ad Fidem," etc. Boston: Lock-wood, Brooks & Co. There are some things in this book that make us regret its publication. Here is one of them: "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is the principle on which God governs us. Raise your hand against Him, and He will raise His hand against you. Neglect Him, and when your time comes He will neglect you. Love Him as a Father, and He will love you as children. Consult His pleasure and interest in what you do, and He will consult your profit and happiness in all that He does. \* \* \* The rash traveller who casts up a stone against the mighty cliff which overhans him will bring down another stone on himself;

Bric-a-Brac Series. Personal Recollections of and the arrow shot toward Heaven will dislodge and amb, Hazilit and others. Edited by Richard Henry bring down another arrow, sharp and bright, from the others. Seryings Armstrong & Co. Like

In the author's chapter on the "Divine Economy of Reprisals," there is much more of the same tenor, and little to break the bald assertion of this monstrous doctrine.

Mr. Burr is "Lecturer on the Scientific Evidences of Religion in Amherst College," and we are sorry, seeing that he is the religious teacher of young men, that he is not able to give them a higher and truer idea of God, who "so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son, that whosoever believed in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life."

Sevenoaks. A Story of To-Day. By J. G. Holland. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Dr. Holland has drawn one or two characters in this story with rare skill. Jim Fenton is inimitable; but Belcher, the cunning and unscrupulous villain, is a fallure from the beginning to the end. Jim Fenton is a living creation—he grew in the novelist's brain; but Belcher is only a constructed man, built up out of inharmonious elements, and is hardly a fair representative, except in villany, of the class to which he has been assigned. The story possesses many fine points, and holds the reader's interest closely from the beginning to the end.

piness in all that He does. \* \* \* The rash traveller who casts up a stone against the mighty cliff which overhangs him will bring down another stone on himself; Brooks & Co. Mr. Worcester is a minister of the New

Jerusalem (Swedenborgian) Church, which teaches that everything in the natural world corresponds to something in the spiritual world, as an effect corresponds to its cause. It also teaches that the Bible. which is a divine book, was written as no other book has ever been written; that in its inspired composition, the law of correspondence between natural and spiritual things was observed in every part, even to the minutest particulars; and that in consequence it has an inner spiritual sense, as well as an external natural sense, the inner sense being the Divine sense. without which it would be nothing more than a common book. This church also claims, that in the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg is to be found a key (the Science of Correspondence) by which the casket of the letter may be unlocked, and the hidden treasures of the spiritual sense revealed. This law, or science, of correspondences Mr. Worcester has used in preparing the volume before us, in which the various animals of the Bible are introduced, and their spiritual significance explained. He first gives the habits and peculiarities of each animal, and then the affection and thought to which it corresponds. His observation of the habits of animals seems to have been very minute, while his account of some of them is exceedingly interesting. Any effort to give their spiritual significance, so as to make it popularly understood, must in the nature of things be a very difficult one; because the natural perceptions rest on and apprehend only natural things, while the spiritual faculties lie almost dormant in the common mind. For this reason, only those who have studied to some extent the doctrine of correspondences will be able to get from Mr. Worcester's book the higher things it is designed to teach.

Lectures to My Students. By C. H. Spurgeon. New York: Sheldon & Co. This volume contains a selection from addresses delivered to the students of the Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, They refer especially to the work which lies before these students as future pastors of churches, and give much important and valuable advice, both of a spiritual and practical character.

Leah; A Woman of Fashion. By Mrs. Annie Edwards, Author of "Archie Lovell," etc. New York: Sheldon & Co. Mrs. Edwards does not rank with the first and foremost of English novelists. Still she writes passable society novels, illustrative of a certain grade of English life. She has many admirers both in England and America. The book before us is quite up to her ordinary standard of excellence, and will be acceptable to novel-readers generally.

Hester Howard's Temptation, A Soul's Story, By Mrs. C. A. Warfield, Author of "The Household of Bouverie." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. We have read this story with at least a moderate degree of interest, while we have found much in it to challenge admiration, and little to condemn. It is an average specimen of an American novel.

From Jest to Earnest. By Rev. E. P. Roe, Author of "Barriers Burned Away," etc. New York: Dodd & Mead, The Rev. Mr. Roe is quite successful as a novelist; and while he is certainly reaching a larger audience through the medium of his books than he Bros.

could possibly reach from the pulpit, he may be accomplishing quite as much good in the world by his novels as by his sermons, since they are of the highest moral and religious tone, and at the same time possess all the sensational and emotional interest of the ordinary story.

Elsie's Womanhood. A Sequel to "Elsie's Girlhood." By Martha Finley (Farquharson), Author of "Elsle Dinsmore," etc. New York: Dodd & Mead. Those who have read this author's previous work. Elsie's Girlhood." and who are also competent to judge of the merits of this book, pronounce it fully equal to that, and a most excellent story.

The Life of Christopher Columbus. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Dodd & Mead. Columbus may not be, strictly speaking, either an "American pioneer or patriot," still he is so undeniably identified with the history of America, that the author of this book is excusable for including his life in that series, The story of the life and adventures of Columbus is well told, as Mr. Abbott's biographies always are; and the book is handsomely illustrated.

Our Wasted Resources: The Missing Link in the Temperance Reform. By William Hargreaves, M. D. New York: The National Temperance Society and Publication House. This volume presents a series of strong arguments, based on facts and figures, in favor of the suppression of the liquor traffic in this country. We quote one paragraph:

"In 1870 our nation's drink-bill was one hundred and forty-six million dollars, more than the estimated value, at the place of manufacture, of all the furniture and house-fixtures (except stoves and hollow-ware; all the boots and shoes, men's, women's and children's clothing; all the collars, cuffs, gloves, mittens, hats, caps, hoslery, etc., that were in that year manufactured in the United States."

The book should reach the hands of every person who takes an interest in the temperance movement, since it will furnish him with indisputable data upon which to base his arguments.

Barford Mills; or, God's Answer to Woman's Prayer. By Miss M. E. Winslow. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

All for Money, By Mary Dwinell Chellis, author of "The Temperance Doctor," etc. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House, Two well-written and interesting stories, calculated to do good service in the temperance cause.

New History of the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17th, 1775. Its Purpose, Conduct and Result. By William W. Wheildon. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

An Illustrated Manual for the Use of the Terrestrial and Celestial Globes. By Jos. Schedler. New York: E. Steiger.

Park Water; or, Told in the Twilight, By Mrs. Henry Wood, Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. A new story by one of the most popular of English authoresses.

The Life and Adventures of Davy Crockett, An Autobiography. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson &

# Tdilog's Department.

The "Home" for Next Year.

ITH this number we close our editorial work for 1875, and turn to the new year, which is fast approaching. What the magazine has been during the past twelve months we know, and every reader knows. We promised to make it better hundreds of letters, warm with delight and approval. which come flowing in upon us from all parts of the country, are to be taken in evidence of our success, it has been complete.

Our magazine is especially designed for the household, and addresses itself to men and women who have a real and earnest purpose in life, and who seek in and more attractive than ever, and if the scores and literature something higher than mere amusement,

Nothing coarse, profane, prurient or frivolous can find a place in its pages. It eschews sickly sentimentalism, and holds work to be honorable, and idleness disgraceful. Into whatever family it finds its way, it can bring only a healthy influence, leading to concord among the members, and a truer sympathy each with each. It tries to lighten household cares and burdens. It seeks to make husbands more considerate and tender toward their wives, and wives more loving toward their husbands; and endeavors to bind children and parents closer together in the bonds of mutual service and

For the new year we shall endeavor to make the HOME, in a still wider sense, the Magazine of the People. Our Prospectus sets forth the many attractions it will present, and to this we especially refer the reader.

## An English Countess. (Sec Engraving.)

THE name of Dudley has stood prominent in English history for many generations. John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, was a statesman memorable in English history for the part he took in placing the crown on the head of Lady Jane Grey, although the late king, Edward VI., had two sisters, and Lady Jane was only remotely related to the late sovereign. She was the great-granddaughter of Henry VII. Edward had been persuaded to pass over his sisters, and to name her and her husband as his successors. Her husband was Lord Guildford Dudley, the fourth son of the Duke of Northumberland. Lady Jane was with difficulty persuaded to accept the honor which the ambition of her father and her father-in-law thrust upon her, and, after reigning ten days, she quietly resigned the throne in favor of Mary, the elder of the late king's sisters. Her husband and she were thrown into the Tower, and were put to death together on the 12th of February, 1554. This is the first Lady Dudley of whom there is any trustworthy record. She was distinguished by great talents, strong character, and many sufferings endured with meek submission.

In these unsettled times the title was lost; but Sir Robert Dudley, a member and descendant of the same family, was styled abroad, Earl of Warwick and Duke of Northumberland. He was an able man, engaged himself closely in literary pursuits, and living on the continent as he did, he there acquired much influence, especially with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in whose affairs he interested himself. There is still preserved a book of his in the British Museum, published in 1630. He died at Florence in 1639.

The title now fell and rose, and the last who bore it before its present possessor was John William Ward, who, after a re-creation and restoration, was the fourth viscount of Dudley, and ninth baron of Ward. This nobleman was highly gifted, but eccentric. He died unmarried, and all his titles expired with him, with the exception of the barony of Ward, which descended to his relation the Rev. Humble Ward, rector of Him-This gentleman succeeded his ley, in Staffordshire, cousin as the tenth Baron Ward, in 1833. He died in 1836. The title and estates then fell to his son, William Ward, who now holds them.

The present earl succeeded his father, on his death in the year just mentioned, as the eleventh Baron Ward in the peerage of England, and in 1860 was created Earl of Dudley and Viscount Ednam in the peerage of the United Kingdom. He married the lady whose portrait is here given, Georgina Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Moncreiffe, Bart., whose seat is in Perthshire. The countess is the granddaughter of the late Earl of St. Kinnoull. They were married on the 26th of November, 1865, and have three sons and one daughter.

The family seats are at Witley Court, Worcestershire; Himley Hall, Dudley, Staffordshire; Crogen, Merionethshire; and their town residence, Dudley House,

His lordship is one of the most extensive owners of coal and iron mines in the kingdom. This, indeed, is the main source of his great wealth. His care for the miners and for his workpeople generally is most exemplary. In regard to their dwellings the latest improvements are adopted, and all proper plans employed to promote their comfort. The means of education and general instruction are liberally placed within the reach of all. The opportunities of religious improvement are made easily accessible to the vast numbers of persons connected with the mines and works, and the freedom of the people in matters of conscience is in nowise interfered with.

The countess has the reputation of being the helper and encourager of her husband in all this; and she is also charitable and kind not only to the people connected with the works, and to those who suffer from the terrible accidents to which such employment is liable, but takes an active interest in the many charities of the towns and villages with which the country around Witley Court is studded, as well as in those of Birmingham, the great and busy capital of the

# Publishers' Department. HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1876.

OR the great Centennial year, the Home MAGA-ZINE will present unusual attractions. See Prospectus. Among these will be a new serial story, entitled

## "EAGLESCLIFFE."

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Whose "RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON," so charmed our thousands of readers. This new story has been written expressly for our magazine, and will be commenced in January.

Another serial story,

### "MIRIAM. And the Life She Laid Down." BY T. S. ARTHUR,

will be commenced in the same number. ROSELLA RICE will open the year with a new series of articles on Pioneer Life in the West, under the

## "OLD HEARTH STONES, And the Tales they Told."

And the reader's wise, gossipy, quaint old friend, "Pipsissiway Potts," will discourse, as of old, in her

### "POTTSVILLE PAPERS,"

about matters and things in general, and home-life and character in particular.

From Mrs. Ellen M. MITCHELL we shall have another series of her carefully-written and finely-dis-

### LITERARY BIOGRAPHIES,

which have been so acceptable to our readers

MRS. E. B. DUFFEY, whose articles on "Woman's WORK AND WOMAN'S WAGES," published a few years ago in the Home MAGAZINE, gave such general satisfaction, will write another series next year, under the

### "WOMAN'S WORK IN THE WORLD,"

in which she will offer practical advice and suggestions as to the various remunerative employments in

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which women may engage. These articles cannot fail to be exceedingly valuable, as Mrs. Duffey is a woman of wide experience, careful observation and strong common sense, and will write from the standpoint of one who has made her own way in the world.

### "CHATTY BROOKS,"

it will be seen, is going to tell about "THE GIRLS AT MILWOOD," and gentle "LICHEN" will keep her quiet corner in the "Home CIECLE," among loving friends who carry her in their hearts.

For more thoughtful readers, there will be the wellfilled Department of

### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

Which will be richly illustrated, and contain carefullyprepared articles on a wide range of subjects.

### THE STORY-TELLER.

That, to many readers is one of our most attractive Departments, will contain, during the year, besides the two serials above mentioned, a large number of choice stories from the pens of some of our best

As all of our readers will want to know as much as possible about the great Exhibition of next year, we

### CENTENNIAL NOTES AND ILLUSTRA-TIONS.

As full as possible, keeping them advised of what is in progress, and when the Exhibition opens, give as large descriptions, accompanied by engravings, as our space will admit.

But we cannot tell of all the good things in store for next year. Examine the Prospectus, reader, and judge for yourself.

And now all you that love the Home MAGAZINE, and sympathize with its spirit and aims, who believe that its presence in American homes will be for good, will you not so identify yourselves with it and its work as to become its advocate, commending it to your friends and neighbors, and seeking in all right ways to extend its circulation? Will not each of you add at least one new name to its list of subscribers for the Centennial Year? We shall make it as attractive, as pure, as true and as good as in our power lies. You can largely extend the sphere of its usefulness; and may we not ask you to do so?

## WHAT OUR SUBSCRIBERS THINK AND SAY OF THE HOME MAGAZINE.

We are in the daily receipt of letters from subscribers and friends of the HOME MAGAZINE, in which the highest satisfaction and the most cordial approval are expressed. A lady writes:

expressed. A lady writes:

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they cost, providing I could not get any more like them. They have gradually increased in interest every year. And from the list of contributors and their contributons, I think it will be more interesting than ever before."

Another writes:

Another writes:
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## Infringement of Trade-Mark.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD commenced an action in the Supreme Court against his three sons, Andreas H. Trust, Percy B. Trust and Voiney B. Trust, and Lawrence Galligin, on the 23d day of July last, to recover damages for a willful and fraudulent infringement of his trade-mark (an eagle strangling a surpent), used for twenty-five years and upwards upon the labels of his bottles of "Oriental Cream," to wit: "BR. T. F. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER," and for the amount of profits made by them and found to be due upon an accounting, and for an injunction to restrain said defendants from manufacturing, printing, publishing, selling, or exposing for sale, or advertising to sell the abovementioned "Oriental Cream," or by transposition of the words "Oriental Cream" to "Creme Orientale," or "Dr. T. F. Gourand's Sons' Creme Orientale," or by any other device.

Upon the plaintiff's complaint, etc., Mr. Justice Lawrence, on the 2sth day of July, 1874, granted the injunction prayed for, and by his order of that date required
the defendants to show cause at a Special Term of the
Supreme Court to be held for the City and County of New
York, at the chambers of said Court, on the first Monday
of August, 1874, at 12 o'cleck noon, why the said injunction should not be continued during the pendency of the
action.

The motion to continue the injunction was heard by The motion to continue the injunction was heard by Mr. Justice Donohue upon the pleadings and affidavits of the respective parties, and after arguments of counsel, Mr. C. C. Egan appearing for the motion, and Mr. Amos G. Hull, defendants' counsel, opposed, and after due deliberation the learned Justice granted the \*motion, delivering an opinion, of which the following is a copy:

### T. FELIX GOURAUD

### AGAINST

### ANDREAS H. TRUST, BY AL.

DONORUR, J.—It is to be hoped that these parties may let the litigation of the family for years rest; but whatever they may do about it, it is the duty of the Court to protect each in their rights. The plaintiff HAS THE RIGHT TO THE NAME HE BEARS AND USES, AND THE NAME HE EMPLOYS ON HIS GOODS, and by his ENERGY AND PERSEVERANCE (whatever may be his faults) has OBTAINED A LARGE SALE FOR THEM. These proceedings, as I understand it, is not of the character of that saking to be protected in the use of a mere name of his goods, as a I understand it, is not of the character of that saking to be protected in the use of a mere name of his goods, as a understand it, is not of the character of that saking to be protected in the use of a mere name of his goods, as a thousand flowers or the like," but simply that these defendants shall not so entitle their goods, or put them up by any laise device, to make purchasers believe the goods sold by them are those of the plaintiff; in other words, they cannot use the plaintiff's name and credit to destroy his trade. In this case it apparent, by inspection, that the defendants, while varying the shape of the label and its style, still, by the use of the plaintiff's name in the manner they do, hold out that the goods sold by them are not goods of the same quality as plaintiff's, but his goods, so that persons saking for them may be deceived; they pretend that they are willing to de anything to avoid the appearance of imitation; this is wholly at variance with the use of a mame they have no right to. Motion granted.

Well, now, a word or two to you, the arch-conspirators in the above nefarious, mean, dirty transaction. The race between the tortoise and the hare is ended. You have had a long start of Justice, but Justice is a good stayer. Justice has been limping genrely after you many years, and Justice has beaten you at last.

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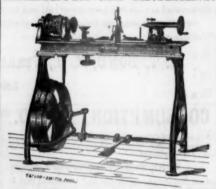
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